

BERALDUS,
P R I N C E
O F
S A V O Y,
A
N O V E L.

In Two Parts.

*Translated out of French by a Person of
Quality.*

8° 2.9. A. 1

L O N D O N,

Printed for *W. Graham* at the Bear,
and *J. Crump* at the three Bibles
in *St. Pauls Church-Yard*. 1675.

BERNARDOS
P. R. I. N. C. E.
OF
SAVOY
A
NOVEL.



In Two Volumes.
Translated into English
by a Person of

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BERALDUS,

Prince of

SAVOY.

A NOVEL.

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ADDRESS

To the

LADIES.

Ladies,

IT was some time before I could think of putting the unhappy *Beraldu* under your Protection; the ingratitude of this age, of which you are the brightest Ornaments, having scarce afforded me one Precedent.

A 2

And

And he is not brought
so low, he says, but he
scorns to appear before
any other Tribunal
than yours, in whose
power alone it is to
make him happy, who
with so rare a felicity
govern the World, and
controul our very De-
stinies.

'Tis into your hands
then, Ladies, *Beraldus*
commits his Life and
Fortunes, he has alrea-
dy suffer'd so much
from

from you, it would be
too uncharitable to
persecute him still.
Smile on him then, and
make him Live.

B E-

from you, it would be
too uncharitable to
persecute him still.
I am on his side, and
will be so.

8 E.



B E R A L D U S

Prince of Savoy.

Part I.

THE sorrowfull *Beralduſ*, ſo famous for his ſucceſs in *Armes*, and miſfortunes in *Love*, wandred ten years through all the Courts of *Europe*, ſeeking an occaſion of putting a Period to his unfortunate Life, by the hand of ſome more fortunate Cavalier than himſelf, or by the eyes of ſome beauty that might expel from his heart the remembrance of *Mariana*. But Love more ingenious to fortifie it ſelf, than he to re-

sist it, conducted him to a Wood at
 the foot of the *Alps*, where his Ears
 were suddenly struck with the cries
 of a Woman whose voice seem'd not
 unknown to him; he spur'd his
 Horse towards the noise, and at the
 end of a long Path perceiv'd a Gen-
 tleman riding away with a Lady at
 full speed, whilst his Companions
 put all those to the Sword, who ac-
 companied her Chariot. *Beraldu*
 came not soon enough to prevent
 the slaughter, and those who made
 it, fled at his approach; when he
 might perceive by the Habits of the
 dead, they were *Germans*, and view-
 ing them more intently perceiv'd a
 glit'ring, like that of Diamonds, in
 the hands of him who seem'd most
 considerable. He caus'd his Squire
 to alight to see what it was, and
 found it to be the Picture of *Mari-
 ana*. Oh Heavens! cry'd he, why
 do you yet persecute me with the
 Image of this unfaithful Woman?
 Or

Or why did you not present her to me with all that might have defac'd whatsoever was adorable in her? Then turning his Bridle to pursue the Ravishers of this unknown, he immediately found himself beset by a Troop of Horse, who, from afar, call'd to him to yield, and demanding his Sword, treated him like a Robber. Provok'd by the injury, and danger, he once thought rather to die gloriously in his own defence, than suffer himself to be taken: but reflecting that if, as it was very probable, he should be oppress'd by numbers, he would be judg'd guilty of the crime for which he was seized, he moderated his resentments: calling to them, My self will joyn with you, to pursue the Authors of these Murthers, and the Ravisher of a Lady, I had not time to rescue. You are notwithstanding, Sir, of the Country of those Gentlemen, reply'd the Comman-

der of the Troop, although your Person seem to contradict our thoughts of you. *Hedemont* who is of Illustrious Birth, has put himself at the head of the *Banditti*, who infest the *Alps*. Is *Hedemont* their Chief? cry'd *Beralaus*; come my Friends let us ride after them, be valiant, and remember 'tis *Beralaus* leads you. The name of *Beralaus*, and the Air with which he spoke it, made them gladly follow him. Sir, said he who commanded them, your name is Illustrious, and your Quarrel with *Hedemont* well known, you have overcome him in pitch'd Battle, and will no doubt at the head of these Robbers; I suppose nevertheless it will be in vain to pursue him now, that he is retir'd to the Castle of *Cusan*, situate on an impregnable Rock, as you go out of this Forrest, lately deliver'd to him by the Marquess of *Saluces*. Permit me, Sir, to tell you, it would
be

be more effectual, would you be pleas'd
 to send to the King of *Arles*, my Ma-
 ster, who is now at *Marseilles*, to re-
 quest that *Hedemont* might be put in-
 to your hands; he will, no doubt,
 give you those Troops, which are
 ordered to scour the *Alps* of those
 Thieves; in the interim we will
 invest the Castle. And, Sir, for
 my own particular, I shall glory
 to be commanded by you, when
 it shall be permitted me to obey
 your Orders. *Beraldu*s approv'd
 his advice, and sent one of the Prin-
 cipal of the Troop to the King of
Arles. Expecting his return, he
 went to invest the place, which
 he found wholly block'd up by the
 Infantry the King had sent thither
 the day before. Some days after,
 he receiv'd this answer from the King.
 That it was with some regret he grant-
 ed so inconsiderable an employ to
 so worthy a man as *Beraldu*s; that
 somewhat to divert him till he should

win the Castle, which was not to be compass'd but by Famine, he would come to see him himself, and bear him Company during the Siege. A little while after the Court of *Arles* arriv'd near *Cusan*. The Queen, with the other Ladies, lodg'd at *Nice*; but the King would continue in the Camp with *Beraldus*, who presently himself before his Majesty, was graciously receiv'd by him, with testimonies how joyful he was to see him, and of the high esteem he had for him, complaining obligingly that the Court of *Arles* was the only Court of *Europe*, he had not visited; though it be not the fairest, continu'd the King, yet after the Court of *France* it holdeth the next rank for Gallantry. Add to that, Sir, reply'd *Beraldus*, that the merit of Sovereigns, being what I most admire and regard, I ought to have visited your Majesty before any other. But, Sir, you are ally'd

to

to *Cunegonde*, and for the little knowledge you may have of my History, you cannot be surpris'd if I travel through your Countries, not allowing my self the honor of paying you my respects. That, said the King, should rather oblige you to come, were it but to excuse the little Justice you render a Princess who loves you with so much constancy. I doubt not but you have powerful reasons for so extraordinary a proceeding: and I have never desir'd any thing with so much passion, as to hear from your own mouth, what love has made you suffer and oblig'd you to do. All the World says, that *Beraldaus* is the most *unhappy*, and most *unjust* of Men; for me, I have always judg'd of your sentiments by your Courage, and have maintain'd that that magnanimity which has rais'd you above the most Illustrious Persons of our Age, could not be the Com-

panion of Injustice. I shall willingly, Sir, reply'd *Beraldu*, when you please, give you a relation of all the actions of my life. I owe this confidence to that goodnels, with which your Majesty has been pleas'd to justifie so unhappy a Man. And should for ever be inconsolable, if after you shall have heard them, you should condemn me of *Injustice*. I have never enjoy'd so much pleasure, reply'd the King, as I promise my self in hearing your History, but would gladly it should be in some retirement free from the interruptions and disorders of the Wars. *Hedemont*, knew the Law of Arms oblig'd him who commanded in a Castle, to surrender on the coming of a King in person before the place. Let us see, said the King, if the trade he professes now, has made him forget the Laws of Honor, giving order to let him know he was there.

Hede-

Hedemont being informed by a Trumpet, that the King of *Arles* besieg'd him in Person, told him, he expected him, and that he would put into the Kings hands the Castle, himself, and a Lady he had taken. On which the King let him know it should be on the morrow.

We are now freed from the care of the War, says he to *Beraldu*, and nothing remains to disturb my desired repose, in hearing your History. When giving a sign that he would be left alone, he laid down on his Bed, and caus'd *Beraldu* to sit down by him. First, continu'd he, inform me if you please, why you put to death *Mariana* whom you lov'd, why you contracted *Cunegond*, whom you have not lov'd, and why you have cruelly forsaken this unfortunate Woman, to wander about the world as you do?

The King of *Arles*, reply'd *Beraldu*, is the only man in the world, whom I

can and will satisfie in those particulars, because I well know Love hath made him sensible of his most delicate touches; and being perswaded he knows what it is to Love, he will approve what others may condemn. I farther assure my self, your Majesty will conceal from your Court and all the World, what you may find in my History, which I ought never to have disclos'd, if I were not confident it would never be divulg'd. I will then give your Majesty an account of my life.

I pass'd my Youth the happiliest in the World, the Duke of *Saxony* my Father, dying in my Infancy, and leaving the Emperor *Otho*, Brother, Guardian of his three Children, with power of disposing of the Dutchy of *Saxony*, to which he should judge most worthy, I had the good fortune, at the finishing my Exercises, to be very agreeable

to

to the Emperor; and at the same time, to see my self (If I may without vanity say it) the Love of all the Ladies of his Court. I know not by what extraordinary effect in the Northern Parts, where you know the Ladies more difficultly admit of Love, than in warmer Climates, I made the fairest of them sigh in little time, and as it is the custome of those cold Countries for the Ladies to make no mystery of their Love, when they are once possess'd of it, in a few days I receiv'd a hundred reproaches of my Gallantry and Cruelty; and all the Court began to call me the *Insensible*; but as if this reputation had inflam'd all the Ladies, they seem'd to contend even with emulation; who should first make me lose it, whilst my heart by a caprice, that depriv'd me of a thousand pleasures, conceiv'd always an inveterate aversion: for all those who discovered their passion

on to me, I look'd on their easiness, as a weakness worthy of contempt, and thought I did them no Injustice by rallying on them with the Emperor. I made him always my Confident in any new Conquest. The Emperor who was not yet twenty five years old, and who was one of the most Catholick lovers in the World, answered in my name the letters I receiv'd, sometimes perform'd my assignments, and finish'd the adventures I had begun. He was secret, and no business took air by his management, but those who found themselves disappointed, took all occasions of doing me displeasures, and speaking to my disadvantage, whereby I got the name of *insensible*, which I deserve so little.

Among all the beauties of this Court, the admirable *Cunegond* was the only Lady, who had not some way or other made a discovery of passion to me. The Emperor lov'd this marvellous Princess, but with that

that injurious passion, which Sovereigns pretend a title to over their Subjects, he continually declar'd he lov'd her, and in effect his love was real. In the mean time he prepar'd for me a magnificent Equipage, to send me into *Arragon* to marry in his name the Princess *Mariana*, as Famous then for her beauty, as she is now for her misfortunes. *Cunegond* incens'd at the kind of love the Emperor had for her, treated him with an Heroick rigour, and *Osbo* as obstinately persecuted her, till at length by very great Presents he gain'd the Mother of *Cunegond*, who was Widdow to the Prince of *Mons in Haynault*.

Afterwards she was daily offer'd to him as a Victim, and she as constantly defended her self with a most exemplary virtue. Resistance enflam'd the young Emperor: but Vanity having a stronger influence over his Soul than Love, would never suffer him to legitimate his desires, and *Cunegond* would

would die a thousand deaths rather than favour his criminal ones. Prince, said he to me one day when he had been severely treated, must it be for my misfortune, that *Cunegond* should be the only beauty in my Court, who has no complaisance for you? she would be too cruel to me, should she love any other, and what makes me even despair of ever being belov'd is, that I cannot perceive she has the least sentiments for you which most of the other Ladies have. As much as I am diverted, Sir, answered I, in deceiving those easie beauties, so much should I be averse to abuse so wise and virtuous a Princess as *Cunegond*, whose admirable perfections do contrarily command reverence and Protection from all who love Virtue. But, reply'd he, if she had for you the same weakness with others, should you not have the same regard for her? I can scarce believe,

believe, answered I, that what you suppose can ever happen, because it has not yet; I see her often, and with more pleasure than the rest, but can perceive nothing in her that is not truly Heroick. My dear *Beraldius*, interrupted *Otho*, endeavour to make her love you. That, said I, were too detestable a Treason, if I should pretend to love her, I should love her indeed, and then I should serve you but scurvily. You must nevertheless, continu'd he, serve me, or I shall never enjoy my self. I can promise nothing, Sir, said I, *Cunegond* being so severely virtuous. Thus giving the Emperor no hopes of succeeding in his design, but to pleasure him, I took occasion of seeing *Cunegond* oftner. She had some days before fallen into so extream a Melancholy, that I pitt'y'd her before I knew the cause, but apprehending it proceeded from the Emperors persecuting her, and the

the danger she conceiv'd her self to be in every moment, by the facility with which *Otho* might abuse her, favour'd by the solitariness of her Apartment; she knew nevertheless so well to manage him, that he always respected her, and she pronounc'd with so much horror the name of Tyrant to him, when first he began to forget himself; as deter'd him for the future. One day when he more closely assail'd her, Ah! Sir, said she, by what abominable Tyranny do you thus obstinately persist to ruin me, and with what strange fury do you please your self in violating a Princess whole heart you can never have, seeing she has dispos'd of it to another? What does *Cunegond* love? interrupted *Otho*, O Heavens, who is then this happy Rival! That, Sir, said she, you must not know, he being ignorant of it himself; I did not give him my heart but he hath ravish'd

ravish'd it from me, and maugre all
 my own and your endeavours I can
 never love any other: Free your
 self, Sir, from an unhappy Prince's
 who has not been able to defend
 her heart, and deliver me from the
 insupportable affliction of losing
 my honor by a man I cannot love; and
 my heart by one who loves not me.
 Well Prince's, reply'd *Otho*, provided
 you let me know who this glorious
 Conqueror is, that has rob'd me of
 hopes which I esteem above my life,
 I swear to sacrifice my love to you, to
 cease all further pursuit, and serve you
 with that respect you merit. What
 will it profit you, Sir, said she,
 to know a man, who himself shall
 never know the advantage he hath
 gain'd over you and me? Why I desire
 to know him, *Madam*, is, answered he,
 that if I find him worthy of you, I may
 shew you a rarer instance of my love,
 than you could well expect from a
 man, who has suffered so much
 by

by your rigour. I will give him you for your Husband, if he merits to be so, but if he be unworthy of you, I will never suffer any but *Otho* to enjoy the first favours of *Cunegond*. Your discourse, Sir, said she, is so ungoverned, it makes me hope nothing, and fear the utmost. I will not beg Heaven to revenge me of my Emperor; I am assured, he will revenge me beyond the durie of a Subject to desire: but, Sir, that you may not think I have given my heart to one unworthy of it, or that by concealing his name I endeavour to hide my shame, I love *Beraldus*, and will never love any other. *Beraldus?* cry'd the Emperor, with a joy which surpris'd *Cunegond*; he is the only man in the World that deserves you, and the man alone in whole Arms I can see you without jealousy; he is yet young enough to marry, and I would only desire that it might be for some
time

time defer'd. Though I love *Beralduſ*, answered ſhe, I will never marry him if he loves not me; and he is ſo inſenſible, he loves no body. I will command him to love you, and will be the Confident of your Amours; permit me, my Princeſs, to be reconcil'd to you, and pardon my injuſtice to you. I forgive you all, ſaid ſhe, begging you would leave *Beralduſ* to his liberty in his choice of a Wife, and not to diſcover to him the ſecret I intruſted you with. You ought not to deſire, reply'd *Otho*, to keep *Beralduſ* in ignorance of his happineſs, he may engage himſelf elſewhere, and I would not that any beſides *Beralduſ* ſhould make me unhappy; nor ſhould I obſerve the reſpect I promiſed, ſhould any other aſpire to poſſeſs you. Ah, Sir, ſaid *Cunegond*, at leaſt forbid *Beralduſ* from me ever to mention my weakneſs. That, ſaid the Emperor,

peror, may he hoped from his discretion, if the joy of seeing himself lov'd by so charming a Princess as *Cunegond*, makes him not exceed those limits you shall prescribe him. Well, Sir, said she, if it succeed, you promise me then never hereafter to importune me more. *Otho* gave her his promise, left her, and sending immediately for me, shut me in his Cabinet.

Dear *Beraldu*, said he, give me Life, since it has pleas'd Heaven to make you Master of my Love. *Cunegond* loves you; manage it so, dear Prince, that I may be so happy as to enjoy her. I declare you Duke of *Saxony*, and will make you King of the *Romans*. If *Cunegond* loves me, said I, and has the weakness to tell me so, and to forget her virtue for me, she is not worthy to be treated better than the others, and I shall have an equal contempt for her.

as

as for all those who strive to make themselves belov'd, rather than esteem'd. The Emperor seeing me in the humor he desired, sent me to *Cunegond*. Sir, have you seen the Emperor, said she, as soon as she saw me? Yes, *Madam*, said I, and he has held me in the most surprising discourse imaginable. Are you surpris'd, said she, that I judg'd your virtue able to protect me from the persecution of *Otho*? and will you not excuse me for pretending Love for you, as the only means I could think of to defend me from his violence? I have seem'd to love, to destroy his hopes; have the generosity for me, Sir, not only to concur with me in the Cheat, but pretend the same on your part, and that you love me. Be as constantly with the Emperor as you can, and never leave him when he comes to see me. Ah, *Madam*, reply'd I, that

that I should be so credulous to suspect so lovely a person should ever declare she lov'd *Beralduſ* firſt: I promiſe to defend your virtue even to death, yes I will feign I love, I who hate mortally all kinds of diſſimulation, and will not for ſuch a ſervice pretend to any more than the glory of having been the Protector of ſo ſublime a virtue. You will do, Sir, reply'd ſhe, an action worthy immortal praiſe; and the more, for that in feigning to love *Cunegond*, you muſt offer a great deal of violence to your ſelf; and it will be very difficult for you, inſenſible as you are, to perſonate the Lover. I know not, ſaid I, moſt adorable Princeſs, how hard it will be for me to feign love for you; but this I know very well, to love you really is the deſire and ambition of my Soul, and I could quit to Fortune and Love all the proſperities they are preparing for me, for the pleaſure of loving

ing

ing you with that passion you deserve to be lov'd. How do you know, says she, 'twould be so great a pleasure as you imagine? I must then love you too. Pardon me, *Madam*, answered I; that my pleasure might be the greater, I should first have the satisfaction to affect you by my sighs, and by the purity of my flame overcome what aversions you may have for my love; which the stronger they were, would yield me more pleasure, in vanquishing them by the violence of my Passion. What then, *Beraldu*s, interrupts she smiling, you could take no pleasure in loving one who should first declare she lov'd you? What you suppose, *Madam*, being impossible, said I, I may tell you without ingratitude, that should the greatest beauty in the World make such a Declaration to me, she would be no longer such in my esteem, nay I should be so far from loving, that

that I should scarce obtain of my self to shew her ordinary civilities. Have you told the Emperor your humour, interrupted she? Yes, *Madam*, said I, a hundred times. Then we must take other measures, continued she. I have told him I love you, and to preserve your Character you must say you hate and despise me. Thus, said she, drying her eyes full of tears, I see my self again expos'd to the persecution of *Otho*. Ah, *Madam*! reply'd I, it is apparent enough that you do but feign to make me desire to adore you, and for the Emperor I can easily perswade him that I see you only out of my respect that I might not seem to treat unworthily a Princess who does me the honour to love me. Yes, said she, but *Otho* and all the World will know that I love you, and that you love not me. Ah Prince, I conjure you to make a shew of love for me. I will,

will, *Madam*, said I; I should be in-
 humane not to melt at your Tears.
 But do you consider, *Madam*, what
 will be the consequences of this dis-
 guise? The Emperor who will
 believe I love, will not suffer me to
 languish a moment, and will oblige
 us to Marry. Ah *Beraldis*, said
 she, he will not hasten it so fast as
 you fear; but if it should happen,
 a Heart insensible will find a
 Thousand ways to defeat those mea-
 sures that may be taken to engage
 it, and you are ingenious enough
 to find them out. You must then
 inspire me, *Madam*, said I. I can't
 see how you can defend your self.
 I am assur'd that if I tell him this
 Night I love, he will instantly offer
 to make me happy. And the un-
 happy *Cunegond* could not make you
 so, you will immediately retract,
 and declare all your love was but
 feign'd; so shall I become again the
 Object of *Otho's* fury. Generous

Beraldo, continu'd she, taking me by the hand and wetting it with her Tears, hath not generosity its pleasures as well as Love, and doth not a great Soul like yours feel as much pleasure in saving an unfortunate Princess from the persecution of a Tyrant, as it could in being given to a Person whom you love, and whose enjoyment might probably extinguish the passion you had for her. Give your self, Sir, to the afflicted *Cunegond*, since 'tis in your power alone to hinder her from being the most unhappy Princess in the Universe, and become sensible of the solid pleasure you will find in the glory of sacrificing your self to the safety of a Princess, whose whole study it will be to render her self worthy of you. *Madam*, reply'd I, you do me too much honour, and have touch'd my Heart in the most sensible part of it. Glory is more predominant in it than Love,

Love, and seeing by a Sentiment of Vertue, you can confine your self to spend your life with a Man that loves you not, I will let you see, *Madam*, you have made a Choice not altogether unworthy of you. I give my self to you from this moment, and will immediately go and demand you of the Emperour.

As I had promised, I went and found *Otho*. Ah, Sir, said I, what have you done to tell me *Cunegond* lov'd me, can any Man be lov'd by her and not adore her? The Emperour was surpriz'd, and looking some time fixedly on me, then walking about the Room, at length he thus expressed himself: Prince, said he, it had been to have been wish'd you had had more respect to my Love, but since it is done I perceive there is no remedy, and of the humour you are of, my resistance would but enflame you the more, and make me not a jot the happier. Go find

out your *Cunegond*, tell her I give my consent you should be contracted to morrow, on condition she will pardon the want of respect I have hitherto had for her; and for you, *Beraldu*, prepare your self within Three days to go and espouse in my Name the Princess of *Arragon*. During the journey you may consult your Heart and examine if your love be fixed, and if you are in the same mind at your return from *Spain* that you are now, both our Nuptials shall be solemniz'd on the same day. Go and leave me to finish the Conquest of my affections for *Cunegond*. I went to tell this news to the Princess; Judge, Sir, how great was her joy, notwithstanding she expressed it but in part, apprehending she should too much discover her passion to me. I lookt on this joy as not arising meerly from the consideration of her being freed from the persecution of *Otho*, which I intimated

ted to her, but rather that she found her self by this means Wife to a Prince, who would apparently be Duke of *Saxony*, and who was Nephew to the Emperour. So that I felt at that time all the joy a generous Heart can be sensible of, when he has advanced the fortunes of a virtuous person. This joy *Cunegond* flatter'd her self was the effect of my Love. And the Emperour then entring suddenly in, was perswaded we lov'd each other intirely. Jealousie which made him follow me so near encreas'd; though he dissembled it so well it was scarce perceived by us. He kept himself so constantly with me, during the Three days he had set me, that I could never see *Cunegond* one moment but he was present. As I was not much in Love, so it did not much afflict me; but it was otherwise with *Cunegond*, she was visibly in a great affliction. The Night

C 3

be-

before my departure the Emperour
 and I sat up late with her, and he
 had the inhumanity to be witness
 of our Farewells. When we were
 retired, one of her Women which
 she lov'd most, praying her to go
 into her Closet, See here says she,
Madam, a Letter which Prince *Beral-
 dus* commanded me to give you,
 or, to speak better, which I advis'd
 him to write to you, overcome by
 his tenderness, perswaded of yours,
 and touch'd with the cruel pains
 you suffer for each other. Hah! *Fel-
 icima*, answered the Princess, you
 would tell me News could you
 make me believe *Beralduſ* loves me.
 He loves you, *Adadam*, as entirely
 as ever Man lov'd, said *Felicitima*;
 but if you refuse instantly to grant
 what he now desires, all the World
 will conclude with me you have
 no love for him. What is it that
 brave *Beralduſ*, cry'd the Princess,
 what is it generous and gallant *Be-
 raldus*

Beralda can desire of his passionately loving Cunegond, without the most abominable ingratitude? In saying that she opened the Letter, and there found these words.

L E T T E R.

Divine Cunegond, Must I yet be so unhappy to forsake thee so soon? You have created in me so prodigious a passion, that I am assur'd if your goodness do not ease me of some part of it, you will never see me again. It is impossible for me to out-live this journey. Shall I go without knowing if you love me? If it be not the Ducchy of Saxony which has flatter'd you, and if all the tenderness you have shown has not been an Artifice of Ambition? And that during my absence the love of the Emperor may not affect you, nor his violence ravish from you the felicity of Beralda? I dye for fear, Madam, if you would have me live, Felicitia

with instruction you in the only means of
 preserving modesty, and avoiding
 Tell me then *Felicima*, says *Cu-*
negond, what is it *Beraldu* desires?
 His *Cunegond* reply'd *Felicima*. Is
 she not his bwh reply'd the Princess?
 Alas, said *Felicima*, can one have
 any good that is not in their posses-
 sion? Well then, interrupted *Cune-*
gond, I will immediately write him
 word that I adore him, I have
 wrong'd him in not letting him
 know how well I love him. That
 is not all, reply'd *Felicima* embracing
 her, your *Beraldu* requires. Oh
 Princess unskillful in the Art of Love,
Beraldu has been now contracted to
 you Three days, nothing but the
 Ceremony remains unperform'd,
 will you suffer *Beraldu* to go into
Spain, without granting him, what
 perhaps *Otho* may ravish from him?
 Will you make him suspe^t you are
 of the Party in sending him away,
 and

and that the Emperour has given you the Duke and Dutchy of *Saxony* in recompence for your favours.

Cunegond being immoveable, let the Letter she held in her hand fall to the Ground, and her self fell down on a Couch; Grief had made her speechless, leaning her head on her hand, and fixing her eyes on the Ground, she seem'd to consider on what her Woman had said; which *Felicima* imagining that she was deliberating of the Means, My fair Princess, said she, come and be put to Bed and leave the care of the rest to me, I have already told you a friend of mine will come to pass the Night with me, *Beraldu*s shall come disguis'd like a Maid, I will take upon my self the care of your happiness, and with all the secrecie requisite in such an affair. Go, cursed Woman, interrupted *Cunegond*, be gone instantly from my apartment, and let me never see you again.

again. I will obey you, *Madam*, reply'd *Felicima*, though it cost me my life; but if I introduce not the Prince to Night, the Princess your Mother will; I go to her to let her know the Commission I have from the Prince, how by an unseasonable modesty you go about entirely to ruine your Fortune. I am confident *Beraldus* will never Marry you if you do not receive him, possessed as he is that you have promised to favour the Emperour in consideration of making you Dutches of *Saxony*. I leave you to consider, *Madam*, on so weak and frivolous a scruple, which will decide the establishment of your Fortune, and all the repose of your life. Resolve, *Madam*, I can give you but half an hour, after which I will return to know your resolution. At these words she went out and left *Cunegond* in great consternation, thinking on nothing but death; Some-
times

times nevertheless her Love endeavoured to persuade her Reason that *Beraldu* demanded nothing that was unjust or extraordinary; that scarce any Lover of his Quality in *Germany* staid the solemnity of Marriage, and what he demanded was not done in contempt of the Ceremony but on pressing reasons; all the World would judge the favour she granted him to be innocent. At last, said she, I love him, I am his Wife, and he my Master by a double Title. Why, cruel Reason, dost thou advise me to torment my self thus? Her virtue was always just, and perhaps the little time she had to resolve, would not let her submit to this dangerous opportunity. So that determining within her self she snatched a pen and writ the following Letter.

LETTERS

201A

L E T T E R
 My Dear Beraldu, Cunegond
 dares you, and from the first day she
 saw you has always lov'd above all the
 Men in the world. This Love, as well
 as Virtue hath defended me against
 the Emperour. Wherefore, take it
 not ill, my most deat Prince, that my
 Virtue now defends me against this
 Love, it has made my Heart and my
 desires revolt against my Reason, and
 it is with sighs I refuse the demand
 Felicima made me from you. Let it
 suffice you to know, my Dear Prince,
 that Cunegond is wholly yours. That
 if Love had found out some occasion
 during these Three days, perhaps I
 should have had more Enemies to fight
 than I could have conquered; but ra-
 ther than Felicima should know my
 weakness-----Go, Dear Beraldu, with-
 out doing me this shame, and make
 hast back again.

After

After she had written she called her Women, and forbad *Felicima* coming into her presence; and calling a Page she charg'd him secretly to find me out, and give me her Letter, and whilst I was reading of it to steal away without staying for an Answer. The Page found me coming out from the Emperor, who was a Bed, I took the Letter, went into my Cabinet, and in a caprice of Love afflicted my self as for a great misfortune. What, said I, *Cunegond* has had the same weakness as others from the first time she saw me, and I shall Marry a Princess, fond and incapable of moderating her passions: For indeed what she would feign to refuse me, is an unworthy solicitation and the effect of her ungoverned impatience. She would not have me address my self to *Felicima*, and is nothing but an artifice to let me know she expects me. Unfortunate *Beraldaus*!

raldus ! shalt thou never find a Woman without frailty, and is there not a Virtue in the World for thee to love? I call'd to mind then all the manners of *Consegond*, and found them so prudent, and could not imagine she could be guilty of such a crime as to sollicite me her self. Then reflecting with how much precipitancy the Emperour had caus'd the contract to be made, and that he went to Bed that Night sooner than ordinary, it came into my mind that *Otho* and *Consegond* had agreed together to write thus to me, and that with or against her will he had obtain'd his desire, and to prevent the shame of what might follow, she made me this proffer of her Bed. This reason, Sir, which you see is contrary to all appearance, was that on which I stood and on which I guided my conduct. I concluded it would be happy for me to know the truth before I went
away,

away, which to effect I knew no better means, than to go to *Cunegond* to discover her humour; and how she would receive the respect I intended to have for her, what concern she would show for me. I thought to get some light in the business from *Felicima*, if I could first speak with her. In this design I undrest my self and went to the Princess, and found her Anti-chamber empty; Order had been given so; and I heard People in the Princesses Chamber, and fancy'd among the rest I heard the voice of *Hermiontrude* her Mother. I resolv'd to go into *Felicima's* Chamber, and expect her coming thither: and that I might not be perceived of any one that might pass by, I laid my self down on the Bed, when in a little while I heard the Dutchess go out, and presently entred into the place where I was a person who shut the door very hastily but with-

Elmo

all

all very gently. I opened the Curtain a little, thinking it had been *Felicima*, but was extreamly surpris'd when I saw it was *Cunegond* in her Smock, her eyes running down with Tears, casting a Taper on the Ground which she had in her hand, came to lay her down on the Bed, and tearing her Hair off her Head, O Gods, cry'd she, will you not protect me! What a Mother have you given me? Her speech was so interrupted by sighs and Tears, that she abandon'd her self to the greatest transports of rage imaginable. I was in a disorder very difficult to be describ'd. *Cunegond* had now shaken my resolutions; there was never any thing in the World so lovely; the Tears I fancy'd she pour'd out for me, griev'd to have no return, made me almost resolve to dry them up. But the words she uttered when she threw her self on the Bed had troubled me, and I could

could not understand the meaning of them, but was attentive to hearken if she said nothing else which might explain what she had said before; but she uttered never another word, but having a long time afflicted her self she put her self into the Bed, and sighing would often name *Bernaldus*; I ruminated in my mind what might be the adventure, but could not comprehend what should make *Came-
gond* change her Bed, and thus afflict her self, why she exclaimed against her Mother, and throwing her self on the Bed scream'd as a person whose vertue was in danger, she who had written me a Letter, whose sence was so little virtuous. I made an Hundred different judgments, when I heard in a little winding pair of Stairs that went down by the Bed-side the noise of some persons, who went down with as little noise as might be, they opened
gently

gently the Door that went into the Chamber on this side. At last she fell asleep wearied and drowned with her sighs and Tears. I saw through the opening of the Curtain *Felicima* and a Lady with her, whose Face was covered with a Vail. This Lady came to the Looking-Glass, laid by her Vail and Gown, and then appeared to be the Emperour. I was about to rise, and make my complaints, but desisted, seeing him go towards the door that led into *Cunegonds* Chamber. He found it shut and made a sign to *Felicima*, who running to him, open'd it very gently and led *Otho* into the Princesses Chamber. She left him there and return'd to expect on her Bed the end of the adventure. When as she was entring, the Taper *Cunegond* had thrown on the Ground, happening between her Feet, made such a noise as awakened the Princess, who perceiving me, by the light

light that was in the Chamber, to
 ly by her, O Heavens, cry'd she,
 O *Beraldu*, must it be that the Pro-
 tector of *Cunegond* should become
 her Persecutor and Enemy? I will
 instantly let you see, said I, my fair
 Princess, that I am unworthy of
 those Titles you are pleas'd to be-
 stow on me. Ah *Beraldu* kill me;
 O God, continu'd she, lifting up
 her Hands towards Heaven, how
 unfortunate am I! He does not love
 me, otherwise he would never thus
 seek my disgrace. I had rather dye,
Madam, said I; and Heaven which
 you thus invoke, has brought me
 hither to save you from the greatest
 danger you have ever been in. I
 drew the Curtain thinking to have
 shown her *Felicima*, but she fright-
 ed at hearing us made hast away.
Felicima is disloyal, said I, they have
 prevailed over her, *Madam*, and
 give me leave to tell you, by means
 of your weakness, in sending for
 me

me to come and see you to Night, would have laid you between the Arms of the---- Do you add, cry'd she, to the outrage you have done me in lying down by me, that of accusing me of having sent for you? Ah *Cunegond*, *Beraldu*s is unworthy of thy Love, and thou art destined to have a Mother, an Emperour, and a Lover without Virtue. At these words the Tears gush'd out afresh, and I had the satisfaction to see her affliction was real. When to revenge me on the Emperour, whom I suppos'd to hear me, and by a desire of putting to the utmost tryal a Virtue I was to be so nearly ally'd to, I seem'd to be vanquished, and counterfeiting a Lover transported with passion and opportunity; Is it then to be without virtue, my Dear Princess, said I with an obliging Love, to desire to speak with her I admire? No, said she wiping her Eyes, and it would be

a greater mark of Virtue to have as great an esteem for me as I have for you, but-----But is it a Crime, my *Cunegond*, interrupted I, to express this esteem, and would you not have been more insensible your self to suffer me to languish, and to carry into *Spain* a mortal distemper which might in all probability cost me my life? Ah *Beraldu*, reply'd she, if you will preserve mine, tell me you love, and let me hear no more what you suffer, and if you do love, make me not unworthy to be loved; content your self with my heart, and those innocent Liberties our mutual engagements will permit, and do me the pleasure to let me see that *Beraldu* esteems *Cunegond* worthy of a little respect. I was not yet satisfied, Sir, but thought she made but a weak defence.

These innocent privacies seem'd to me an Introduction to criminal ones,

ones, though I took no farther advantage of them, or ever attempted beyond her Lips. She interpreted this counterfeit Discourse of mine as a mark of that respect she desired I should have for her, and embracing me with much tenderness, Go on, my Dear Prince, said she, go on to finish your victory, overcome your heart and young desires, rise, and go to your apartment, and leave me to desire more earnestly than your self your return from *Spain*. You will then, *Madam*, said I, that I leave you in the Emperours Arms who is now in your Chamber. The Emperour! cry'd she, and who brought him thither? *Felicitima*, reply'd I, and Love has brought me hither to defend you. I then related particularly all that I had seen. Ha! my Protector said she, embracing me, Dear Prince do not leave me. Was it then *Orho* who writ in your Name; Alas, but
am

am not I ruin'd in your esteem, by letting you see by my answer, I lov'd you so long ago, you have so often declar'd you could never love her who should be so frail to love you first. O cruel *Otho*! How many Evils dost thou work me? I am come to repair 'em reply'd *Otho*, entering into the Chamber, with *Hermetrude*, the Marquis of *Brandenburgh*, an Almoner, Three Gentlemen and *Felicima*. *Beraldu*s, said he, pardon me my Follies, and I will here finish my Career and put inviolable bounds to the injustice of my desires. My Lord Almoner, be pleased to Marry immediately this Pair, that Love may unite them this Night more strictly, and render me just for ever.

The Almoner approaching the Bed, Sir, said he to me, will you receive *Cunegond* for your Wife? No, cry'd I, I have too much respect for *Cunegond* to make so precipitate

cipitate a Marriage, so little honourable for her, and so little obliging to me. I will not be Marry'd so, cry'd *Cunegond*, but deferre it 'till to Morrow, and go along with *Beraldus* into *Spain*. It would be equally injurious to you, *Madam*, said I, to be Married to morrow as now, all the World will judge for that we were found together, there was some extraordinary reason for being so suddainly Married. Let time, *Madam*, justifie that neither the Emperour nor *Beraldus* have attempted any thing against you. I perceive *Beraldus*, reply'd *Cunegond*, you are jealous. Ah, Sir, said she to the Emperour, behold how unfortunate you have made me. O my God remove these unjust impressions from the mind of *Beraldus*, and let me dye a Thousand deaths! At which word a Flood of Tears drowned her Face, but could not my jealousies.

The

The so sudden and opportunè coming of the Almoner and those Witnessees, had so surpris'd me, that I was not satisfi'd in my doubts till a long time after my return into *Spain*. I wonder, said the King of *Arles*, what made the Almoner then so late? The adventure, reply'd *Beraldu*, is very singular. The Emperour not finding *Cunegond* in her Bed, was going back to *Felicitima*, when he heard us talking together, when seeing we had discovered his Intrigue, and had prevented him, he went to *Hermentrudes* Chamber, who was of his Intelligence. *Hermentrude* being yet young and gallant enough was loved of the *Marquis* of *Brandenburgh*, who use to bear her company till that hour. The Emperour having grated on the Door, the Dowager taking him for the *Marquis*, went to open it with the freedom and little precaution of a Lover, and in opening it embrac'd

D

her

her pretended Gallant with more than ordinary transport. Young *Otho* perceived the mistake and profited by it. In the interim comes the *Marquis*, and was witness of his disgrace. Sir, said he, I never took you to be my Rival; nor am I, *Marquis*, said *Otho*, I come to advise *Madam* that I just now left *Beraldus* and *Cunegond* together. And that the Adventure between *Madam* and me may not be known, let us say we met here to surprise *Beraldus* and *Cunegond* together, and give them against their wills lawful pleasures; go quickly and fetch an Almoner, and Two or Three of your people to be witnesses to the Marriage. The *Elector* went against his will, and took Two or Three Gentlemen which waited at the Palace Gate, and sent for an Almoner; and being return'd, they came together to Marry us, but all that ever they could do, could not persuade me but

but the whole was a design; and continuing obstinate in my opinion I said little to *Cunegond*, looking on her as privy to it. I told them I was too young yet to be in such haste to be Marry'd: *Cunegond* comprehending the sence of these words, swounded with grief; the Women ran to her assistance. And the Emperour seeing the disorder I was in, beg'd my pardon a Thousand times, protesting with as many Oaths, that all my jealousies were ill grounded, and that I ought to be entirely satisfy'd for the future. On occasion of his adventure with *Cunegond's* Mother, he gave me a pleasant relation of it, which I had not faith to believe. I departed next day and would not be prevaild with to see *Cunegond*. On my journey I consulted my heart and found it very indifferent. If *Cunegond* loves me, said I, she loves me too soon, this weakness I have always had an a-

version for ; and if she does not love me, her dissembled words and tears will make me hate her as long as I live : But if the Emperour had gain'd her , or heard all , I should become his property. When a secret resentment against the Emperour seiz'd me , prompting me to be reveng'd on him, which I wanted but little of having pursu'd. At last I arriv'd in *Arragon* , where I was as honourably received as the Emperour could have been himself. The King of *Arragon* met me on the Frontiers. After having made him my Complements , I went to the Princess. I believe never any man was so suddainly and violently inflam'd as I was, I felt at first sight of *Mariana* that which cannot be express'd, and which is hardly to be found in the greatest surprises ; so much did this beauty exceed all those graces, which have been allow'd in a perfect beauty ! 'Tis above

bove all impossible, Sir, to make you comprehend the fire contain'd in her Eyes; 'twas none of those sorts of fire which seem to be lighted only to torment us, *Mariana* appeared inflamed her self, and she seem'd always when she opened her Eyes to say, *I dye for love, and would that you should dye too.* So that I knew not whether I should rather think I burnt or that she did; and I was almost perswaded of what I durst not hope. I could scarce speak to her for *Otho*, and methought my disorder pleas'd her. The King of *Arragon's* Daughter, said she, with an Air not less charming or engaging than her Eyes, must comply in *Germany* with the Gallantries of the Emperour, however *Mariana* assures *Beraldu*s they will be very agreeable to her if they be told her in *Germany* with as good a grace as she has heard them in *Arragon*. The Emperour, reply'd I, with some assu-

rance, is the most accomplish'd and
 most amorous Prince in the World;
 and the most beautiful Princess in
 the World will no question have the
 pleasure to receive the Imperial
 Crown from the hand of a Prince
 most worthy to be loved. I shall
 see that in good time, reply'd she,
 smiling: But till then I shall be of
 the opinion of other people, and
 give your last commendation to an-
 other. You would do the Empe-
 rour a very great injustice, *Madam*,
 answered I, *Otho* is assuredly the
 loveliest of men. Do not dispute
 with me, reply'd she, at our first
 interview, lest you make me com-
 mit an incivility and contest yet far-
 ther with you, (continu'd she, with
 a frown full of obliging malice) and
 maintain I know another Prince
 more amorous than *Otho*. At these
 words I was very much surpris'd.
 She laugh'd and blush'd at my dis-
 order, and made me compleat my
 ruine,

ruine, by giving me leave while she laught to admire the beauty of her Teeth and the delicateſt Mouth in the World. I cannot, *Madam*, ſaid I retiring, hear you reaſon thus againſt the Emperour. Remember always, added ſhe, to maintain his Interests with as much zeal as you have done to day, and come often to perſwade me he is the moſt amorous Man in the World, and I promiſe you to diſpute it no more with you.

I took my leave, thinking to go and conſider our diſcourſe, but was prevented by the King who was at my Lodging almoſt as ſoon as my ſelf. The reſt of the day he continually conferred honours on me, which were as troubleſome to me as he thought they would be pleaſing. At Night there was a Play. The Subject being a young Prince ſent by His King to Marry in his name the *Infanta*, whom ſhe

fell in Love with ; he espous'd her ;
 and dy'd whilst he was putting his
 naked Thigh into the Princesses
 Bed , according to the custom of
 this Kingdom. Would you be glad,
Madam, said I to *Mariana* with a
 low Voice, that I should dye thus ?
 I am not so cruel, answered the *In-*
fanta blushing ; and to avoid the
 danger I desire you to take such or-
 der with the King my Father, that
 this Ceremony may not be us'd ;
 do not Marry me in the Emperours
 name, only gain my Father to be
 consented that you may carry me
 into *Germany* where the Emperour
 may Marry me himself. That must
 not be, *Madam*, said I, I will per-
 form this happy Ceremony if it cost
 me my Life. To lose your Life,
 reply'd she, were to shew your self
 the most amorous of Men, and you
 know very well that praise belongs
 to none but *Otho*. I was bound to
 say so, *Madam*, said I, and moreo-

ver

ver shall be oblig'd to report to the Emperour all you have said against him, unless you declare me that Prince you judge more amorous and amiable than he. I will also tell him, reply'd she, with what disorder you made me his complement. The King interrupted me, asking what I thought of those Players? Then falling into other discourse, I could not speak to *Mariana* any more in private that Night. When I was retired, I spent that Night in considering the alteration I felt in my soul. I lov'd more than I could ever perswade my self 'twas capable for a Man to love. All the discourse of the Princess enflam'd me, and fill'd me with hope. I was charm'd with the easiness with which she seem'd touch'd; I who was proof against all the beauties of *Germany*; in fine, Sir, I should have been the happiest Man in the World, and but for the

Nuptials I came to perform, Love would have been the least of my misfortune. The Princess gave me reason to think she was not averse to it, by proposing the deferring of her Marriage with *Otho* till her arrival in *Germany*: But considering at the same time, the improbability and unprofitableness of this design, I was seiz'd on by a mortal affliction, which never forsook me. The next day I rose at day-break without knowing wherefore; and walked pensive and melancholy from my Chamber to a Terras, which look'd into the Garden. The Sun had scarce visited the Garden e're I saw the *Infanta* enter there, she saluted me from afar, and sent to invite me to come and take the Air with her. I hastened down fill'd with love and hope, imagining I would take the boldness to tell her I lov'd her. Why do you sleep so little, Sir, said she? Dare I, *Madam*, answered I, ask you

you the same question? I have a reason for not sleeping, said she, I have been weeping all Night for the Noble Prince you spake of Yesterday; he will be henceforward forbidden to speak or let it be seen he loves, and must never receive the least mark of esteem. Ah *Madam*, interrupted I, what will then become of him, if he be, as you say you know he is, the most amorous Man in the World. If I am not deceived, answered she, he will be the most unhappy Man living, and must not be allow'd so much as to complain, for that were to offend her he loves, which he cannot do without forfeiting all respect, though he do himself never so much violence to suppress and conceal from her and from all the World a fire, which so unprofitably consumes him. I was mortally touch'd to hear her speak after this manner, and lean'd against a Tree to support me; but..

but neither the Princess or the Tree could hinder me from falling down dead at her feet. The Princess and her Nurse, took some water in their hands out of a Fountain hard by, and threw it on my face, to recover me, but to no purpose ; the glory was due alone to some tears of *Mariana*, which falling on my Cheeks had happily restored me, if she had not presently turn'd away her face, and dry'd her Eyes, making signs to her Women and Pages to come to her. One of them went to call my People who immediately carry'd me to my Bed. As soon as the King arose he was advertis'd of it, he came to me, and seeming very sorry for the accident left me in the hands of the Princess, telling her it was her Province to get me cur'd, for that the continuance of my sickness would delay so long her advancement to the Empire. *Mariana* then continu'd with me, and her Women
and

and my People, keeping themselves at a distance. Are you subject to these fits, said she, and must one be more cautious hereafter how they desire you to walk in a Morning? Ah, *Madam*, answered I, can you yet have so little pity to insult over a Man who dyes for you? 'Tis true, said she, I have been the cause of this accident, by making you come into the Garden; but who would have thought, continu'd she, that a Prince of so much courage in fight, and who undergoes with pleasure all the Fatigues of War, should not be able for a quarter of an Hour to support the trouble the conversation of a young Princess might give him? Whilst she was speaking thus, I argu'd with my self, that by rallying me thus she let me see she was not much concern'd for my sickness, and that I had abus'd my self by thinking she had any pity for me. I concluded that she

she endeavoured by making me
 love her, only to divert her self, and
 to laugh at me among her Maids.
 This consideration seiz'd so sensibly
 on my Heart, by putting me in
 mind of my weakness, that I fell
 into a second swoon, in which I
 continu'd longer than in the first;
 when coming to my self again I had
 the pleasure to see *Mariana* drying
 her Eyes and fallen into such a fit of
 Melancholy, as appear'd to me
 wholly void of Art. And when
 they had given me some Spirits to
 fortify my Vitals, she sat down on
 my Bed, and so continu'd a long
 time immoveable without speaking
 a word, or lifting up her Eyes. Al-
 though this silence pleas'd me more
 than all she had said to me the day
 before, I was willing to break it.
 Whilst you sit thus saying nothing,
Madam, said I, you seem to be trou-
 bled at my recovery. How may I
 answer you, reply'd she, to keep
 you

you alive? You must, *Madam*, answered I, neither laugh at my sickness, as you did just now, nor take away from me all hope of relief as you did in the Garden. I told you seriously, said she, in the Garden, I had wept all the Night, you took that to be so cruel, you fell dead at my feet. I now put on more cheerful looks, lest my reservedness might make you worse, when behold you dye again; tell me then how I may make you live. Why, *Madam*, reply'd I, did you tell me I was forbidden to speak? What need you speak, said she, when one knows but too well what you have to say? If 'twere known, said I, why was I not gratified? Because you are unreasonable, said she; it very rarely happens, that in Four and Twenty Hours (for longer you have not loved) one should resolve to be loved or to dye. If nothing will serve but I must renounce the Empire

pire for you, I would not demand a days time to resolve ; but I must renounce my Duty to my Father. This, too unjust Prince, you ought not to desire, and which I will dye before I will think of. Go, *Madam*, said I, you came to kill me with grief, and now you go about to kill me with joy. That you may not dye of pleasure, replied she, rising, we will no longer enjoy one another, & my cruel Virtue will deny it for the future: henceforwards if you shall at any time have any cause of complaint of me, refuse not to my misfortunes the tears I give to you. She ceas'd in uttering these words and retired. Her Women & my People saw her tears, what care soever she took to hide them, and the King knew a little after what tender conversation we had had ; Ambition & Policy made him take the Alarm, he came and found me dres'd ; I am very glad, Sir, said he, you are in a condition to rise, I
fear'd

feard your indisposition might have
 lasted longer, and deferr'd the Ce-
 remony beyond the Emperour's ex-
 pectations. What day do you think
 fit it be perform'd? To day, Sir,
 replied I, if your Majesty pleases.
 That, Sir, said he, is too soon; but
 if your health permit, let it be to
 Morrow; the longer I defer this
 happiness, the less I seem to desire
 it. To Morrow then Sir, replied
 I, will be the happiest day of my
 life, nothing in the World can re-
 joyce me more than to see on the
 first Throne of the World, a Prin-
 cess whose great Merit is above her
 most incomparable Beauty. I said
 that with an air so sincere and o-
 pen, that the King no longer appre-
 hended that whatsoever Love I had
 for the *Infanta*, I would delay the
 Marriage. Nevertheless I saw the
 Princess no more all this day, the
 next the Feast was prepar'd
 with more Pride and State, than I
 expected

expected from a King of *Arragon*.
 I was dressed as magnificently as I
 could, as likewise was the Princess;
 with this difference however in our
 looks, mine was gay and plea-
 sant, as a lover going to seat in
 the Imperial Throne, her whom
 he loves; *Marianna* was sad as a
 Lover going to be sacrific'd to one
 she lov'd not by the hand of one
 she lov'd; and her grief was en-
 creas'd by the joy she perceiv'd in
 me. I went to take her in her
 Chamber, where I found her Fa-
 ther with all the Great men of
Arragon; I gave her my hand to
 lead her to the Temple. As we
 went up to the Altar for the Be-
 nediction, Farewel *Beraldis*, said
 she, grasping my hand. I was
 struck like lightning at these words,
 and scarce knew what I did. The
 Arch-Bishop of *Saragossa* perform'd
 the Ceremony, asking me twice,
 if I would in the name of *Otho*,
 take

take the *Infanta Mariana* for Wife?
 I answered nothing, and was so
 out of my self, that I heard not
 what he said to me. He will, he
 will, said the Princess. I will then
 said I, that *Mariana* be Empress.
 You marry her then in the name
 of *Otho*, reply'd the Arch-Bishop?
 Yes, said I, heavily; and *Mariana*
 somewhat reviv'd by my sadness
 answered her [Yes,] with a more
 assured countenance. I was so
 afflicted at this joy, that I was not
 well all the rest of the Feast. The
 King who comprehended this my-
 stery, and as we shall see by and
 by, thought good to dissemble his
 discontent, saying chearfully after
 Dinner, He was of opinion they
 should leave the marry'd People
 together. He repeated it so often
 that the hour appointed for the
 Tournies approaching, all the men
 went out to prepare themselves for
 it, and the women to get their
 places

places in time. The King who lov'd one of the Princesses Maids, took this occasion of entertaining himself with her, turning them out too, telling them it was not fit for them to see or hear what Marry'd people do. I no sooner saw my self alone with *Mariana*, but casting my self at her feet, and with some resistance kissing her Hand, in putting it to my Mouth, wetted it with my Tears, I am lost, *Madam*, said I, you have bidden me farewell for ever. Yes, *Beraldus*, reply'd she, leave this Hand which you have given to another, and I conjure you by all the weakness you have observed in *Mariana* never to take it again. What, *Madam*, said I, have you not prov'd that you Kill me, when you use these cruel words to me? Let us both dye then, said she, since we cannot live happy and innocent. I shall no doubt, continue

tinu'd she, very suddainly give you
 an Example, for I can no longer
 dissemble, I had rather dye than
 live without you, and rather
 dye a Thousand times than live
 ingloriously. Glory, said I, my
 Dear Princess, is nothing but
 the esteem is had of us; you do
 me no injustice perhaps by think-
 ing I would ever lessen that e-
 steem. No said she, but your e-
 steem is dearer to me than that
 of the whole World. The glo-
 ry of a Lover, reply'd I, is to
 love without any limits of re-
 serve. Terrible Maxime! cry'd
 she, would to Heaven it were
 true, or that I thought it such.
 Ah, *Madam*, cry'd I, you do not
 love me, or else you would think
 it such. No, no, *Beralduis*, said she,
 endeavour not to seduce a young
 Heart, and prevail not of my frail-
 ty. I know there is a Virtue,
 which neither Love nor Death shall
 ever

ever banish from my soul ; content
your self, too lovely Prince, to
know I love you, that I should
have been happy with you, and
shall be unhappy losing you, and
shall suffer as much by seeing you
in the armes of *Cunegond*; as you
can to see me in the armes of *Otho*.
Ha ! *Cunegond*, cry'd I, *Cunegond*
shall never be my Wife. You are ne-
vertheless contracted to her, said
she. 'Tis true, reply'd I, but *O-*
tho hath debauch'd her from me.
What do you tell me, interrupted
she ? I then related to her briefly
the adventure you have heard, Sir,
and concluded with protestations
against *Cunegond*. You blame her,
reply'd *Mariana*, and labour to
make me as criminal as she. I blame
her, said I, for favouring the Em-
peror she lov'd not, to obtain the
Dutchy of *Saxony*. No reasons can
excuse her who gives her first favours
to a man she loves not, to the pre-
judice

judice of a man she loves. How-
 soever it be, said she, I charge you,
 never entertain in your thoughts
 any design of revenge on *Otho*, and
 if I should know you should, I
 would never look on you again.
 I found how sweet the thought
 of this revenge was, which offer'd
 it self without my seeking, I felt
 how sweet it would be, and suffer-
 ing my self to be carry'd away by
 the pleasure of this Idea, I told her
 with a pleasant air, I fear you not,
Madam, you cannot forbid me
 seeing you without discovering
 to all the World you love me,
 nor can you discover it without
 losing me, nor can you endure
 to lose me, if you love me. As
 to the Revenge you forbid me to
 take, I promise you by my love,
Madam, that I will never take it
 entirely, I have too much respect
 for you, and for that Idea of Vir-
 tue, false as it is, which you have
 had

had the easiness to entertain. But it is not just neither, *Madam*, that *Otho* should go wholly unpunish'd, and *Beraldus* without satisfaction. I will always receive from *Mariana*, what a discreet Love can give, I will make a Thousand little innocent Thefts, where if their boldness has any thing of criminal in them, it will be but too much punished by that moderation, and distance which I swear by your adorable Eyes to preserve to my last breath. Thus saying I Kiss'd her Eyes, she would thereupon have retir'd; but at last letting her face fall against mine, *Beraldus*, said she, do you love me? I made her no answer, but embrac'd her knees. Since you love me, *Beraldus*, continu'd she, I make you the Protector of my Virtue; Swear to me you will never attempt any thing against it. How severe soever this Oath was, I made it to her; But you, *Madam*, said I, must

must swear in your turn too, that you love me, will never love any other but me, and that you will always grant me these Charms, which I now see, and all the innocent pleasures my love can desire. How terrible soever this Oath is, answered she, I swear to *Beraldus*, I love him, and give him his *Mariana*. She then put her Mouth to mine, and discovered to me a Thousand Beauties; the innocence of these pleasures made them more sweet, and render'd them more sensible which remain'd. Sometimes I thought she would have dy'd of Love on my Lips and Eyes, and I was charm'd to see she did not raise her self, till I gave her cause to fear I should forget my Oath. Already then Trumpets began to sound to the Tourney, which advertis'd us we should suddainly be invited to less agreeable pleasures. *Beraldus*, said she, how seasonably do these

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Trum-

Trumpets found, to testifie how happy I am that you have sworn to me, and how much you have oblig'd me by keeping your word? But if you desire I should continue to you the favours you have now received, or stolen, swear yet again on another penalty. Have you studied, *Madam*, said I, some other cruelty? No reply'd she, embracing me, no *Beraldu*, I am not in a humour to be cruel; swear to me, that if submitting to Love, I should some day be so weak to forget my Virtue, you will put me in mind of it, and not take any advantage on my frailty. I found this precaution so sweet and pleasing to me, that transported with love and joy, I swore to all that she would have me. When the King entred, If all the *Electors* are as submissive to you, said he, entring, One may draw good Omens from this beginning of Empire. Do not blush Daughter,

ter, an Empress may treat her Subjects with what tenderness she pleases; He is nevertheless of that rank, not to be permitted to be on his Knees, as often as he may present himself. He brought us to the Seafold, that was erected to see the Tourneys, there were two Seats under a state for the Empress and me. I don't love these Spectacles said she, just as they began their courses. *Otho* will shew you many, reply'd I, he loves them extreamly, and I believe the Tourney of your Marriage will be the finest that ever was seen in *Germany*. I shall not see that, reply'd she, with so much pleasure as I do this, for that you will not then be so near me as you are now. Alas, *Madam*, said I, why do you bring to my remembrance, so heavy a misfortune? That will be the day that *Otho* will triumph over my Love; may Heaven be pleas'd that day to guide some

Lance to pierce the Heart of *Beral-
 aus*, that I may not live to see that
 Night, that must ravish from me,
 what my Love alone can merit.
 Make not such tragical Vows, in-
 terrupted *Mariana*, if you would
 not kill me. But I permit you to
 hope for some particular favour,
 which you may that day receive
 from my virtue, to sweeten those
 ills which you will feel, and instead
 of making you fear, to make you
 wish for that fatal day. One thing,
 said I a little after, will comfort me
 a little, 'tis the consideration that
Otho can but enjoy a good that I
 must leave him, and which chose
 me rather for its Master than him.
 You may then comfort your self
 from this instant, since you have
 had so much complaisance for my
 virtue, as not to enterprise any
 thing against it, and that you have
 depriv'd your self by your generous
 Oath of all those advantages your
 love

love and my weakness might have given you. That is not enough, said I, my adorable *Mariana* shall lye in my Arms upon *Othello's* Bed on the very day he should enjoy her. I fear you will make me suspect your Oaths, said she, I cannot expose to so great peril, my Vertue and your Life. But what device have you to bring this to pass, were I so foolish to promise it? I believe it impossible. It is not difficult, reply'd I; and if you will try to day how we may speed at *Pienna*: You are not prudent, said she, but let us see how far the imagination of a Man in Love will carry him. I will go from hence, continu'd I, (pretending to go and prepare my self to break a Lance) and will go directly to your Chamber; when I am gone, you may say, you go to repose your self, and leave order they should wake you when *Beraldus* enters the List, the King no doubt will go to

arm himself to break a Lance with me—— Signior *Beraldo*, cry'd the King to me just then, will you break a Lance with me? Ah, Sir, reply'd I, I will not run against your Majesty: Go, Sir, added he, arm your self, I defie you for *Arragon*, and you shall undertake for *Germany*, I maintain the *Arragonians* are happier in Love than the *Germans*. The King then went away with a *Spanish* Resolution, and I saluting the *Princess* with looks, which spoke very fine things, went to my Apartment, giving order to arm an Hundred Gentlemen of my Retinue to march before me when I entered the Field, and whilst they were busied in obeying me, went to the *Princess* Apartment, and put my self into her Cabinet. *Mariana*, after I had left her, said she would not see the King her Father fight, but gave order, as soon as he had broke his Lances, they should call her, to see

Beraldo

Beraldu ride against the other Cavaliers; only her Nurse followed her. What makes you leave the Tourney thus, Daughter, sayes her Nurse, entring the Chamber? Ah Mother, answered *Mariana*, could you have thought your Daughter so capable of Love? I cannot live without *Beraldu*, nor have the power to stay in a place where he is not. Since he loves you with as much passion as you love him, Daughter, reply'd the Nurse, give me the Scarfe you have about your Neck, I'll go and present it him from you in his Apartment, where he is arming himself, and tell him you bid him behave himself to Day like a valiant Knight; may be he may come to receive it from your hand. *Mariana* laid her self down on the Bed, and her Nurse shutting the Casements of her Chamber Windows, went her ways. She was scarce gone out when Love brought me out

of the Cabinet where I was. Thus may I find *Mariana* on *Otho's* Bed, said I, drawing the Curtain. Ah *Beralduſus*, ſaid ſhe, are you ſo nigh? Could you imagine Love ſhould be leſs ingenious than an old Woman, reply'd I, falling on my Knees? Yes, *Madam*, I am here full of all the Love and Reſpect you deſerve. *Beralduſus*, ſaid ſhe, riſe, my Father learnt me not long ſince, it did not become me to let perſons of your Quality be long on their Knees; come, *Beralduſus*, continu'd ſhe, and ſhew *Mariana*, how much Love and Virtue you have. I aroſe, Sir, and was ſurpriz'd and amaz'd at the ſight of ſo many Graces. What ſhall I ſay, Sir? There never was ſo much Felicity, ſo much Love, and ſo much Diſcretion in the World. I could not imagine *Mariana* could have ſo much Love in ſo little time: A Moment after I found it poſſible, for I my ſelf had more. I admired
how

how I should be able to retain from
 an entire Possession of the most per-
 fect Beauty in the World, which
 Love had thus abandon'd to me,
 since I avow the pleasure arising
 from the Respect I had to the Vir-
 tue of *Mariana*, and this acknow-
 ledgment of her Tenderness for me,
 was far more sensible than an indis-
 creet enjoyment could have been;
 for *Mariana* assured and confident of
 my respect had such violent Trans-
 ports, and such passionate and ten-
 der Carresses, as Love never gave
 more sweet Touching, nor more
 solid Pleasures than those she made
 me taste. In the mean time the
 Nurse search'd in vain for *Beraldo*,
 and despairing of success in the Ne-
 gotiation she had projected, came
 back again, and entering softly into
 the Chamber for fear of waking
Mariana, she opened the Curtain a
 little and saw our Felicity; which
 she considered some time without
 blow speak-

speaking a Word; she could not imagine how her Daughter should have learn'd so perfectly the flights of Love, or where I had learn'd so much Modesty. After a thousand sweet Caresses, *Mariana* set her Lips to that place of my Breast nearest my Heart, and fix'd them there so sensibly, and so long, that she seem'd to leave her Soul there.

Ingrateful Cavalier, cry'd the Nurse, will you let a Princess dye? Fear and Shame surpriz'd us so, we knew not what we did. Fear not, timorous and innocent Cavalier, continu'd the Nurse, I am not an Enemy to your Love, but to that insufferable Coldness you shew towards one of the beautifullest, and most passionate Lovers that ever was. Hold your Tongue, Mother, said *Mariana*, you know not the Sweets of an innocent and virtuous Love; were it less respectful, I should receive less pleasure, nor
would

would he be so happy. I understand not indeed these new *Maximes*, said *Nurra*, (for so was the Nurse called,) they love not after this manner in *Spain*, and you are happy Daughter that you find so much pleasure in loving after the *German* Fashion, since you are to live among them : I will nevertheless tell you these two things ; First that you may perhaps one day repent you made so ill use of this Opportunity ; The second is, the King is already arm'd, and expects *Beraldus* in the Field--- Take then my Scarfe, *Beraldus*, said *Mariane*, and go and maintain, that a *German* modest in Love is happier than an indiscreet *Spaniard*. I kiss'd her Mouth and sparkling Eyes, and received the Scarfe from her hands, and went to arm my self instantly. I entred the Field, preceeded by a hundred Cavaliers richly habited, and well mounted ; the King saw them enter

ter

ter by two and two, with a great deal of impatience, and perceiving me bringing 'em up, The *German* Cavaliers are very modest, said he, to defer so long the Acquisition of Glory. They are the more happy, and praise-worthy, reply'd I. I maintain, said the King, that in War and in Love the *Spaniards* are the boldest and most fortunate Men in the World; and I, taking my Lance in my hand, That the *Germans*, as well in War as Love, are most happy, because most modest. The Trumpets founded, and we began our course, I lifted up my Lance, and received his on my Buckler, and so finished my Career. It is more, Sir, cry'd I, to satisfy your Gallantry, lifting up the sight of my Helmet, than to oppose myself to you that I entered the Lists; I will just no more with the Father of my Empress: I conjure you, Sir, to be my Judge, and commit the
cause

cause of the *Spaniards* to be defended by the valiantest of your Cavaliers. This Defiance picque'd all the *Spaniards*; they perswaded, though with some difficulty, the old Monarch, and he went and plac'd himself among the Judges. *Mariana* appear'd then on her Scaffold, and I fancy'd her presence made me invincible. Without giving you a relation of all the particular circumstances of a valour, however mean it is, was happy enough. I bore down all my Opponents to the ground, till *Mariana* sent to tell her Father, so great labour might prejudice a Health which had been so lately before impair'd, and desired to see my Cavaliers fight. The Herald proclaim'd the Career should be finish'd by the other *German* Cavaliers, who justed with equal Fortune with the *Spaniards*.

When there entered into the Field a Cavalier of an extraordinary stature,

ture, mounted on an *Arabian Cour-*
ser as black as Jett, his Arms were
 of polish'd Steel, blacker yet, and
 more transparent than a Looking-
 Glass, on which the beams of the Sun
 striking, caus'd a pleasing Reflecti-
 on: His Lance conformable to his sta-
 ture, was much bigger than ours,
 he wore no Sword, but had hanging
 at his Girdle a vast Symetar, and at
 his Saddle-bow hung a Masse of
 Arms of a prodigious bigness. He
 was preceeded by a *Castilian Squire*,
 who carry'd a Defiance in his hand,
 made of the Bark of a Tree. They
 gave way to this fierce Cavalier, he
 went about the List, and made a
 sign, that there should be silence,
 and every one held his peace, whilst
 his Squire read with a loud voyce
 the Scroll he held in his hand,
 which contain'd near upon these
 Words.

Althappa, Prince of Arabia the
stony, Cavalier of the implacable
Elanira,

Elanira, having sworn to her by her fair Eyes, to enterprize nothing against her, at a Rendezvous he beg'd of her, she came there on that condition, but the amorous *Alibapha* not having kept his word, *Elanira* banish'd him her sight for ever. To convince her of the injustice of her Anger, her Cavalier has promis'd to maintain against an hundred Princes, that Lovers are to be dispenc'd with in such kind of Oaths, and is oblig'd to send her the hundred Swords of those he shall conquer, she hath already ninety nine, *Alibapha* comes hither to win the hundredth.

Thy Action, *Alibapha*, cry'd I, was unworthy a true Lover, and thou ought'st to have more regard to the Honour of *Elanira* than thy pleasures. At these words I took a Lance and we ran against each other. Our Lances flew in pieces, and I must confess I never receiv'd
 so

so rude a shock, nor had more ado
 to keep my self in my Saddle. I
 kept nevertheless my Stirrups, and
 finish'd my Career. *Alibapha* pro-
 vok'd by not having born me to
 the ground, he turn'd against me,
 and ran with an impetuosity, made
Mariana tremble; I found my self
 engag'd in a Combat where I had
 need of Address, and suffered not
 my self to be too much transported
 with fury, but to observe my Ene-
 mies Play. This terrible Prince had
 a very particular Vanity; he wore
 about his wrist a Bracelet of *Elani-
 ra's* hair, and left the place where
 the Bracelet was, uncovered. As he
 came to me with his hand lifted up,
 kissing the Bracelet, *Elanira* cry'd
 he, I go now to sacrifice the hun-
 dredth to thy unjust Resentment;
 and with that made a furious blow
 at me. I put by his blow, and he
 put by mine, for he was very de-
 licious: At last he gave me a cruel
 blow.

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 What with this wound and the blood he had lost by the former, which

blow on my head, that split my
 Helmet, as I admire he had not
 done my head. I rais'd my self up.
 on my stirrups to give the *Arabian*
 Prince a great blow on the head,
 but my Sword sliding thence, gave
 him a deep wound on his right
 shoulder. Behold, cry'd I, *Aliba-*
pha's blood: and *Beraldu's* Victory,
 cry'd *Mariana*, command 'em to
 part the Cavaliers. The Judges
 commanded the Herald to come
 and part us; but as this order was
 given, furious *Alibapha* took his
 mass of Armes, lifting high his
 Arm, to discharge it on my head,
 when spurring up close to the *Ara-*
bians side, I shun'd this dreadful
 blow, which slipt down my Horses
 thigh, and at the same time I per-
 ceiv'd a flaw in his Arms, under the
 Arm he lift up, and thrust my
 Sword a good way into his side.

which still stream'd down apace, he yielded immediately, and a little after fell down at our Horses feet. Ah *Elanira*, cry'd he, I shall never appease you; and soon after expired. I went to carry his Sword to *Mariana*. She took off my Gauntlet herself, and put on my Finger the Ring you now see there, 'Sir, and on my head a Crown of Myrrhe and Laurel, which was the reward of the Conqueror. Innocent and prudent Love, said she, Triumphs to day by your Virtue, generous *Beralduis*, I esteem my self happy in bestowing on you the reward; so may all modest and respectful Lovers Triumph. At length she set the Crown on my head with her right hand, whilst I kiss'd the other. *Mariana* knowing I esteem'd that as the most valuable recompence, took and put on and off the Crown twice or thrice seeming to fix it on faster. The King came and gave me a thousand thanks, and

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and told me for the future he would love with respect. We went to disarm our selves, and return'd to the Empress, where were all the Ladies. After the Feast and the Ball, was perform'd the Ceremony of the Nuptial Bed; that is, Sir, they led me into the Princess Anti-chamber, *Mariana* being in her Bed, the King came to take me by the hand and conduct me: I lay there half way in Bed according to the custom. Judge, Sir, the transport I was in, As I was going to rise, I perceived *Mariana* to swoon away; O God, cry'd I, *Mariana's* a dying! I got upon the Bed immediately and lay'd her head on me, I us'd all means possible, with the rest that were there to recover her, but all in vain: her unfortunate Father was almost desperate. At last she began to come to her self a little, and finding her self in my Arms, she seem'd very joyful. The Fit being over, she

she laid her head on the Pillow a-
 gain; Go, Sir, said she, make an
 end of this Ceremony. She pier-
 ced my Heart with the air in
 which she spoke these words, and
 the King had me already by the
 hand to raise me, and dress me ac-
 cording to custome, which I per-
 ceiv'd not. Let us go, Sir, said he
 sorrowfully enough, and make an
 end of this Ceremony, and beg of
 Heaven, that all this prove not o-
 minous. I arose, and the King hav-
 ing led me into the Anti-chamber,
 they there dressed me, I afterwards
 retired revolving in my mind all that
 had happened to me in this Journey.
 I durst not call it unhappy, since I
 had enjoy'd so sweet pleasure; nor
 could I call it fortunate, since I had
 the same day assured the possession
 of *Mariana* to another.

End of the first part.



BERALDUS

Prince of Savoy.

Part II.



HE King being entred the Princess's Chamber, found her wholly recovered; and commanding to be left alone, he spoke to her after this manner.

Daughter, you will be very unhappy, if you continue to love the Duke of *Saxony*; the day of your Nuptials, would be that of your Funerals. The Laws of *Germany* are cruel, and I hop'd you would never be so imprudent, to expose your self to their rigour. You cannot be too careful of not giving the least

least suspicion to the Emperor. They use to make publick Tryals, when they are jealous, and 'tis always a great crime in a Princess, to have given by her ill conduct, occasion for her Husband to suspect her. Do not hide it from me, you love *Beraldus*. I love him, Sir, said she, covering her face with her hand, and though I am confus'd at my weakness, I swear to you by all that's Holy, he shall never receive any mark of my affection. I am not so little vers'd in Love, Daughter, reply'd the King, not to know, that those who love will often make many vain protestations.

I do not come to impose severe precepts on you, which in Love are commonly unprofitable. All that I desire, Daughter, is, that if you cannot Master your passion, you would not let *Beraldus* know it but in *Arragon*, and after such a manner that he may not sollicite you in Ger-
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many. I love *Beraldus*, Sir, said *Mariana*, but can never love him otherwise than a vertuous Princess, and should hate him as much, were he capable of entrenching on the rights of *Otho*. Your young heart, Daughter, reply'd the King, suffers it self to be enchanted with the Idea of a Virtue, and a Love, no where to be found but in Romances; for the little you grant *Beraldus*, he will have other thoughts, and this pretended Heroick respect, is but a subtile insinuation to seduce more surely. Whatsoever he be, live with *Beraldus*, as I have advis'd you, as long as you are here; I have reasons for permitting you: but if you once see him in *Germany*, I shall hate you as long as I live. I have Virtue, Sir, said she, and *Beraldus* has more; I do assure you, that neither in *Spain*, or *Germany*, will I do any thing unworthy of you. Farewel, Daughter, added the King, going out,

either

either cease to love or love only in *Spain*. He left the Princess irresolute, what conduct she ought to hold. Seeing her self alone, she began to reflect on the progress Love had made in so little a time; she made her self an hundred reproaches, for having in the last Ceremony shewn greater marks of Love than I; she began to suspect her Virtue, and to mistrust mine. If I should find my self alone with *Beraldo*, said she, and that the violence of my passion should reduce me to the condition I have been in, as without doubt it will, since it daily increaseth on me, what resistance soever I make against it, what defence can I make that he Triumph not over me wholly? Ah, *Mariana*, these sweet pleasures of an innocent passion would be permitted thee no more, and thou ought'st to deny 'em thy self, or live without Glory. Just Heaven! why was I not born in some
Climate,

Climate, or under some Star, less
 passionate? or why did you not de-
 stine me for *Beraldu*? In the mean
 time her Nurse entring my Cham-
 ber, very much surpris'd me. Sir,
 said she, will you let my Daughter
 die? Is't not a shame for a Cavalier
 so accomplish'd as you are, to suffer
 her to die of shame and despair?
 Can it be, Prince unworthy to be
 lov'd, that you can see your Princess
 die? Rise and come with me to re-
 pair the crime you have commit-
 ted; I would not have my Child
 die because her Love is innocent.
 In saying that, she gave me my
 Gown, and made me repent of my
 former Virtue, which now I term'd,
 as the Nurse did, Innocence and
 simplicity. I followed this old Wo-
 man whither she would lead me; It
 was into *Mariana's* Chamber; but
 I no sooner saw her, but I forgot
 my foolish determinations, and pur-
 su'd the first motions of my Love,

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throwing my self on my Knees by her Bed side, and counted it my supreme happiness, to adore the Princess without speaking to her. See *Beraldo*, Daughter, said *Nugna*, he is come full of sorrow and repentance for having almost killed you by his proceedings with you yesterday. The Princess colour'd, and Love, shame and anger enflaming her eyes and countenance, she would have spoke, but was prevented by the Flood of tears which ran down her cheeks. Alas, *Madam*, said I, what new grief possesses you? And seeing she still continued weeping without any respite; Will you kill me, *Madam*, added I? Ingrateful! interrupted she, 'tis not you will die, it is the miserable *Mariana*, who for the grief of her own weakness, and the shame of having loved you so much, ought to die. You could perform, without any pain, this strange Ceremony, and have had

had no Love, or at least much less than *Mariana*; and the remembrance that *Otho* must suddenly dispossess you of me, has not reduced you to that afflicted condition it has me, it would have kill'd me to think that another should possess *Beraldus*. And I am almost dead, when I call to mind, how soon another must have, what it is forbidden me to give to you. But what complaints do I make you here, continu'd she? (without suffering me to speak) What repentance does this woman speak of? What is it brings you to my Bed at these hours? Have you forgot your Oathes, or are you resolv'd basely to break 'em? Do you come to expose my reputation to the utmost peril, and put to the extreamest Tryal my feeble Virtue? or to satisfy your self maugre its resistance? Is it thus you Love? O *Beraldus*! Is it thus you love, when

you see your self entirely 'belov'd?
 Have you no respect for Virtue, but
 when you are held in incertainty?
 I vainly expected you to have sup-
 ported my weakness. Have you
 corrupted this old woman to betray
 me, and to oblige me to cause a
 mortal hatred to succeed so tender
 an esteem, as you had gain'd in my
 heart? Go Prince, without Virtue,
 without Faith, without Generosi-
 ty, without Love; I forbid you e-
 ver seeing me more. Ah *Madam*,
 interrupted I. I forbid you also to
 answer me, continu'd she. I arose
 desperate, resolving to go and kill
 my self. *Beraldu*, said she, as I
 was ready to go out, I forbid you
 likewise to die. Innocent and ti-
 merous Prince, said *Nugna*, taking
 me by the Arm, your love then is
 poorly vanquish'd by the bashfulness
 of a Maid, who weeps when her
 desires are satisfy'd, and dies when
 they are not. *Nugna*, interrupted

Mari-

Mariana, if you speak to *Beraldo*, I will not carry you into *Germany* with me. When she had thus said, *Nugna* took her Candle and lighted me to my Apartment without speaking a word to me. Being alone I abandon'd my self to grief, and repented to have thus displeas'd her I should adore. I forgot my little Virtue, I admir'd *Mariana's*, and resolv'd to serve her all my life, without Interest, and without recompence. How glorious is it, said I, for the Divine *Mariana*, to have overcome her weakness, and how shameful for *Beraldo* to have forgot his Virtue? Ah! I ought to repair my crime by an inviolable respect, and deprive my self of all those sweets I have tasted with her: But I am already depriv'd, added I, since I must never see her more. Then I began to be sensible of the insupportableness of this misfortune, and judg'd my Punishment

greater than my Crime, hoping *Mariana* would yet revoke so severe a doom.

The next day not daring to see the Empress, I went to the King. He told me he had heard the King of *France* had a design to stop *Mariana*, as she pass'd through his Countries, hoping by that means to have *Perpignan*, (on which he had some pretensions) yielded up to him. So, Sir, added he, you will have time if you have any Mistress in *Arragon*, to finish your Conquest, during the adjusting this affair with the King of *France*. I will go into *France*, Sir, said I, if you judge it expedient, to mind the King of his word he gave me, when I pass'd through there. The King of *Arragon* looking intently on me, as I spoke thus, and imagining presently his Daughter lov'd me, that I lov'd not her, and that I would shun her pursuit, touch'd with compassion for what
his

his Daughter would suffer during my absence, and with fear that this remedy was not very proper to cure her, he told me he could not consent that I should go into *France*. That the Empress would need me to instruct her in the manners of the *Germans*, and humour of the Emperor, and all things that respected her conduct in that Court. He desired me to entertain her some time every day in private, and that he would recommend to her, to follow all my instructions and advices. At length he brought me to the Princess, she was not up, and her Maids said she had been indispos'd, and had not slept all night. *Madam*, said he to her, you will not be displeas'd, that I have kept near you the Prince *Beraldu*, who would have gone into *France*; I have represented to him, that he would be very necessary to instruct you to govern and know your Sub-

jects, and in a word all the manners of the Court you go to. The Art of Reigning is difficult, one cannot study it too much. I will if you please, *Madam*, that the Prince entertain you every day in private, to which purpose I leave him with you now. He then took all the People out with him, I durst not stay, nor I durst not go out, nor lift my Eyes towards *Mariana*; she likewise held down hers; thus we continu'd for some time speechless. What have you to say to me *Beraldu*s at last, said she? That I adore you, *Madam*, answer'd I, that I am criminal and unhappy. Nothing of that can be true, *Beraldu*s, reply'd she, but whatsoever it be, never speak to me, lest it prove true on my side; Go, I will be no more alone with you, I will cause the King my Father to change this pretended Policy, I will learn nothing of *Beraldu*s; what I have already learn'd costs me

too

too dear, and he will undertake to teach others what he does not know himself. Once more, *Beral-
dus*, come to me no more alone to speak with me, but bring always with you some Gentleman of your Retinue. I was so afflicted to hear *Mariana* speak thus, that I was not able to answer her a word. Behold, Sir, the source of my misfortunes. I conceived *Mariana* had offended my Love, which added, to the sorrow I had conceived, a kind of des-
pight, or one of those infatuated flights which the most tender Loves are sometimes touch'd with, without knowing well wherefore, when being perswaded they are tenderly belov'd, they have not all that they desire, and are refus'd some one of their requests. I demanded nothing indeed, but my love and my heart ask'd all, unperceiv'd by me. Thus they grew enraged, that far from receiving new favours, they

found themselves depriv'd of those which had been afforded 'em. This despight and rage the more effectually to seduce me, assum'd the appearance of respect and obedience. I made a lower reverence than usual, but more hasty and precipitous, in rising up I look'd not on *Mariana*, and went out of the Chamber more readily, than perhaps *Mariana* could have wish'd: I found the King still in the Anti-chamber with the Maids. He was surpris'd to see me come out so soon, but would not ask me the reason for fear of disordering me; for although I endeavour'd to compose my Countenance, he so soon perceiv'd the alteration. He went down with me into the Gardens, and discours'd with me of nothing but affairs of State, and Policy; from this discourse we pass'd to the difference of Governments, and the diversity of manners, and inclinations of People. On this discourse

discourse I took occasion to tell him, I should be very glad, if he thought fit, to visit, till the Empresses departure, some of the finest Cities of *Arrazon*. He was surpriz'd at this demand ; I do not believe, said he, my Daughter will consent to it. I am assur'd of her permission, Sir, said I, I ask but yours. You are Master in my Countries, reply'd he, but for my own particular I would not be depriv'd of you so soon, you shall give me leave to bear you company. That, Sir, reply'd I, I cannot accept without a great deal of injustice, to deprive the Empress of a Father she is ready to give so long an Adieu to. The King sigh'd as a man tormented with a secret unknown grief. If you persist in this design to morrow, said he, I will accompany you but one day, and return again to the Empress. I went then as to prepare for my Journey. As soon as I was alone,

alone, I abandon'd my self to my pretended respect which some fatal constellation had inspir'd me with.

I concluded by all the reasons in the world to assist *Mariana's* virtue, and to preserve my own from the peril it was already fallen into. That I ought not only to shun being alone with her, but to avoid her very presence, lest she should relapse from the Heroick resolution she had taken, and that I should not be emulous to divert her in so gallant a design. With these ingrateful considerations, which I thought reasonable and generous, I spent the day; the next day I took five or six of the Principal of my Retinue, and went to the Empress, she receiv'd me with the most open and freest air in the world. I imagin'd she insulted over my misery. See some of your Subjects, *Madam*, said I, who come to beg leave to visit some of the fairest Cities of *Arrazon*. She

an-

answered very obligingly, that she would desire the King her Father, they should be honourably receiv'd every where they should arrive. I saw very well she reckoned not on my going this journey, and it caus'd an agreeable pleasure in me, to deceive her, and that I could depart thus. Without her knowlege I went thence to the King ; Will the Empress let you go, Sir, said he ? As I answered, I came to take my leave of him, I saw the Tears trickle down his Cheeks ; May Heaven avert this unhappy Augury, said he, that the rest of my Daughters Subjects forsake her not as soon as you. Ah Sir ! said I, why does your Majesty make such ill conjectures on a journey of Pleasure, which is made by the Empresses express consent ? Go, Sir, reply'd he, we cannot shun our destinies. I took my leave ; The King commanded the Constable of *Arragon* to bear me
com-

company, and to pay me all the honours as to himself. Going out, I found the Horses attending me, I went away without staying for the Constable, who joyned me at night. As soon as I was gone the King went to his Daughter, as I have been inform'd since. You have let *Beraldus* go, said he, taking her into her Cabinet, and you reserve to continue or finish your unfortunate loves when you shall come to *Germany*. Ah! if there be yet any remedy, call back *Beraldus*, and give your heart that satisfaction here, that you may be able to overcome your desires when you shall be in the power of your Husband. You are surpris'd at my Discourse, Daughter, and at all I have done since I knew of your love; but learn that I knew from your Birth, you should be Empress; that you would be in love by the way, and that if you did not put an end to your

Love.

Love before you were in your Husbands power, you would be made an example to posterity of the most disastrous death that ever was. Daughter, 'tis the great *Alphonfus*, the greatest of the Kings my Predecessors, who has thus describ'd your destinie; He has remark'd in a Book written in Cyphers, whose Key is always the name of the Person whose adventures he describes, all the memorable accidents, that shall happen to the Kings of *Arragon*, till this Crown shall be joyn'd to that of *Castile*. Having sought to read in this Cypher with my name, I have found there among many other predictions, the menace I now make you, conceived in these words:

Thou shalt see thy Daughter Empress; nothing can traverse this honour, but the love she shall take in going thither; the only remedy to this most tragical Catastrophe that ever
was,

was; is that thou let her not go out of Spain till she be cur'd of her passion. If he whom she loves possess her not before her Husband, there shall never be seen a more unhappy Princess. Unfortunate Father thou shalt dye of this Grief.

See, Daughter, of what consequences the journey of *Beraldo* is; I cannot blame your love for this Prince because I very well know it to be an effect of the constellation; its violence is the proof of it. You have vertue, and all Royal inclinations. You found your self suddenly inflam'd at the first sight of this Prince. It is your Star which has kindled this fatal flame, may it please Heaven it consume us not, since you burn not by your own fault. But I fear, Daughter, you hasten your own destiny. Ah Sir! cry'd *Mariana*, what does your Majesty tell me? When on a sudden she fell down on the Couch, and
lean.

leaning on it either to bear her up,
 or to consider of her destiny, she
 seem'd to have forgotten her Fa-
 ther was present. The Old Man
 on his side remain'd a while im-
 moveable, then walk'd about cry-
 ing : Since you know, Sir, said she,
 both all the Malignity of my Star,
 and all the weakness of my Heart,
 learn also my whole conduct, and
 last resolution, know that feeling
 this influence of Transport, and un-
 governed passion, which the wise
Alphonsus hath predicted, I have
 exacted from *Beraldus*, and com-
 manded him never to see me a-
 gain; and now my resolution is,
 Sir, to follow that of the two re-
 medies propos'd by the great *Al-*
phonsus, which is worthy of you
 and me, and which the ridiculous
 journey of *Beraldus* merits. that I
 take. I will cure my self of a pas-
 sion unhappily conceiv'd, and which
 Heaven would justly punish, should

I entertain it. Far from making *Beraldis* happy, I will never see him while I live, and will dye or cease to love him. I beg of Heaven, my dear Daughter, said the King of *Arragon* embracing her, that he inflict on me the dreadful death, with which you are threatned, and that he would preserve you in the generous resolution you have taken. If I could have thought one could be master of their heart, when Heaven it self is concern'd to captivate it, and that it was possible to stifle a love which is introduced into a soul by a Destiny, I should never have expos'd your vertue as I have done; but knowing by a long experience, that resistance stirs up the passions, I chose rather to submit to this torrent, and to offer you an occasion, having prov'd, that it seldom happens that Lovers prevail of the first favours are offered them, and hoping that at the first quarrel
you

you should have, you would find *Beraldo* as ingrateful, as if you had given him all, and that you would break with him as you have done. In effect his ingratitude deserves----

Ah Sir ! interrupted *Mariana*, there is no need to aggravate it, let it suffice I can overcome my self; and if my inexorable destiny be such that you must one day hear I dye unhappily, you shall at least have the comfort to know I dye innocent.

This was, Sir, the resolution of *Mariana*, a resolution of which des-
pight was the cause, and which lasted longer than mine. I was scarce out of the City, when I grew sensible of my black ingratitude in leaving *Mariana*, and all the affliction that absence and repentance can cause in a man who loves even to despair. I would have gone back a hundred times, but having no plausible pretence to alledge to the
King

King for so sudden a return, I was forc'd to run over *Arragon*, with the greatest diligence possible, and to return to lay my self at the feet of *Mariana*. In the mean time I could not avoid writing her the most tender Letter in the world, which I directed to *Nugna*, but the old woman shew'd it the King who would not let his daughter see it; and the Nurse return'd the Letter, with this Note:

Sir, I am almost at my wits end to tell you, that the Empress has commanded me to send back your Letter, which she would not look into, and moreover forbids you to write to her again as long as you live.

You may well imagine, Sir, the condition the reading this put me in, I conceiv'd such a despair that in two days I fell very ill, and I wonder it did not kill me. The King hearing of my sickness and guessing the cause, forbid it should be

be told the Empress; he told her every day to the contrary, that I diverted my self extreamly, and in every place I pass'd, I made a thousand gallantries to the Ladies, of which he particulariz'd all the circumstances; admiring the providence of Heaven which permitted it should be so, to confirm *Mariana* in the Heroick design she had undertaken to banish me from her heart. Nevertheless there came a Courier every day from the King, who pretended he came from the Empress too, to know the state of my health, and they heard every day I grew worse. The King fearing my death, caus'd the Nurse to send me *Mariana's* picture, which I receiv'd, and my seduced grief gave way to some hopes that *Mariana* was appeas'd. I resolv'd to be well as soon as possible, but such was my distemper, that I was not well in a long time. In the mean time

time the King of *France* consented to the Empresses passage, and the Emperour who had heard of my distemper, pressed to have his Wife sent to him without waiting my recovery. The King was not wanting to insinuate into his Daughter, that may be the Emperour had already conceiv'd some jealousy of *Beraldus*: So that, said he, all converse with him will be forbidden you, and Heaven apparently favours the virtuous Design you have taken. Make haste, Sir, then said *Mariana*, to send me away without *Beraldus*; When I shall be gone, tell if you please that Ingrateful the prophecy of King *Alphonsus*, and conjure him to avoid my sight, & not contribute to my misfortunes. The King gave her the first Prince of the blood to conduct her. I thought I should have dy'd, when the King sent me the news of the departure of the Empress, with the Emperours Letter.

ter. I sent all my Retinue to encrease the Equipage of *Mariana*, which among others was very magnificent, and reserv'd only one Squire, I did not abandon my self to grief, because I would be well to follow her quickly, and I sought all the consolation I could, in the pretended favour they had done me in sending me *Mariana's* Picture, with which I pass'd away the time. As soon as I could endure the way, I went to the Court of *Arragon*: the King came to me and made me a thousand excuses before all the World, and a very obliging Complement on the part of the Empress, who desired me to be well as soon as I could to meet her on the Frontiers of *France*. I believ'd all he said, and was so reviv'd, that in a few days I was quite well, and thought my self in a condition to have taken Post. But my Physicians, gain'd by the King, perswad-

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ed me always, I was not in a condition to bear the fatigues of so tedious a Journey, and retain'd me so long, that I relaps'd into a Melancholy worse than the first. The King seeing at last that he must let me go, held this discourse with me: Generous *Beraldu*, I esteem *Mariana* happier to have for her Lover so Virtuous a Prince as you are, than in being Empress, since such is her strange Destiny, that Love must be Arbiter of her happiness or unhappiness. This discourse I see surpris'd you, Sir, I am nevertheless oblig'd to make it you. The renown of the great *Alphonsus* is not unknown to you, but you know not perhaps, that he has left to the Kings of *Arragon* his successours, wholesome advices to shun the misfortunes which threaten them: The event hath always justified the truth of his predictions: He hath left in writing that my Daughter
 should

should dye the most Tragick death in the World, if she should not cure her self of an immoderate Love she should have before she came to the Emperor's Bed : she has read this Prophecy, written by the hand of *Alphonfus*, and has taken a generous resolution, to stifle in it's infancy, the passion you created in her Soul. This design will be unprofitable, Sir, if you do not assist her, the confidence I had of your generosity, hath made me willing to preserve a life which your passion would have taken from you. 'Twas I who sent you *Mariana's* Picture unknown to her. What, Sir, cry'd I, was it not then *Mariana* who sent me this Picture ? No, said he. Ah, Sir, continu'd I, how barbarous were you not to let me dye ! you would better have prevented by my death this pretended Destiny of *Mariana* ; I should not have known she lov'd me, and all the World

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would

would have been ignorant of the cause of my death. If you truly love *Mariana*, interrupted the King, you will never injure her, and far from being her Persecutor, you will be her greatest Protector against the menaces of her Stars. I am very far, Sir, said I then, from giving any credit to these predictions of the Stars, and that consideration shall never be the rule of my actions. The respect I have for the Empress shall be the rule of my life, and this respect will not without doubt permit me, so long as she shall continue in the resolution she has taken to forget me, to have the confidence to make known to her, those sentiments, which it has been my misfortune not to be able to hide from her. The King wept as I spoke thus. You speak like an angry Lover, said he, embracing me. Alas my Son, if you love *Mariana*, continue always this resolution, or
if

if she forsakes you , let her never know it. We had several discourses of this nature. At last he let me go, telling me, it was in me to hinder him from being the most unhappy Father in the World. I arriv'd in *France* in few days, but with all the diligence I could make, I came not to *Vienna* till the evening before the Nuptials and the Tourney. I lay in the Suburbs, and having learnt that the Feast would be very magnificent, and that the Tourney would be open to Cavaliers of all Nations, the desire I had to see *Mariana*, what Picque soever I had against her, and whatsoever resolution I had taken to forget her, made me prepare my self of Horſes and Armes. I gave order my Arms should be black, and having put them on, I went to the Tourney. As I entred, I perceived *Mariana* more glorious than the Sun, under a magnificent State, by her side sat

the Emperour, fill'd with the joy, arising from the consideration of the following Night. O Heavens, how great then were my torments ! what regret to be come, and not to be dead, and what desire to lose my life in the Tourney ! I entred the lists furiously, and running against the first unhappy man which presented himself, I laid him dead at my feet ; I did the same to the second with the same Launce, and having broke it against the third, I bore him off his Horse ten paces, and his fall was so violent he dy'd on the Place. My two other Launces had effects very little different. I caus'd such a Terrour through all the Tourney, as cool'd the heat of the most resolv'd. The Emperour who is one of the best Justers in the World, would signalize himself before *Mariana*, and going out to Arm himself, without saying a word, as I saw him go out, I gave the Em-
presses

presses Pourtrait to my Squire, and commanded him to tell her, that the Cavalier in black Armes had sent her that Locket, desiring her Majesty to restore it to-whom it belong'd. The Empress open'd the Locket and found there her own Picture. This Cavalier, said she, with some disorder, obliges me very much in restoring it me, and would oblige me yet more, if he did not expose himself so cruelly. The Squire had scarce left the Empress, but she rose and retir'd. I imagin'd she followed the Emperour, impatient to enjoy so much Beauty, and that she went to make him happy. This thought bringing into my mind the Oath we had taken in *Arragon*, to meet in the Emperours Chamber during the Tourney, I will at least go, said I, and keep my word, and disturb by my presence the pleasures which this perfidious woman ought not so hastily to give to *Otho*. Then

crowding through the Press with my Cymetar in my hand, I made such hast that I left my Squire behind me. I went to the Palace Gate, and leaving my Arms and Horse with one of the Guards, I went up to the Empresses Chamber. I found *Nugna* at the Antichamber as a Sentinel. The Emperour is already a-bed with *Mariana*, said I, with a voice that made her tremble; Yes Sir, said she, do not go in if you please. They stay well till Night, said I; then entering maugre the Nurses resistance, I went to the Bed and opening the Curtain I saw a man throw himself off the Bed, and *Mariana* weeping. Ah *Beraldus*, said she! when shame despair, and love shut up her mouth. A moment after the Marquis of *Brandenburgh* came to me with his Sword in his hand. *Mariana* rising lean'd on him to bear her up, when grief and fury rob'd me of my reason. I took my Cymetar in my hand,

hand, and discharging a great blow on the Marquisses head, he fell down on the Bed; but the point of my Sword in striking the Marquis, had unfortunately scratched *Mariana's* face who was leaning on him. She fell down on the Bed in a trance, more at the fright than the hurt. The Marquis receiv'd her in his Arms, and had the insolence to kiss her. The Emperour entring at the same instant, (for having appear'd in the List to fight, and not finding me, nor seeing the Empress, he was come back again for fear she might be indispos'd) O God! cry'd he entring, what do I see: and laying his hand on his Sword ran to kill the Marquis of *Brandenburgh*. Kill me Tyrant, cry'd the Marquis, now I am reveng'd, go and enjoy at thy ease my *Hermetrude*. Saying that he presented himself, and holding one hand on *Mariana's* bosome, he received his death by the

hand of *Otho*. In the mean time I call'd the People, and returning to *Mariana*, I endeavour'd to stop the blood of the little wound I had given her, and wash'd with my Teares her Face and Bosom, which were soyl'd with the Marquisses blood mixt with her own. What is't I see, *Beraldu*s, cry'd the Emperour? You see my misfortune and your shame, answered I. He remain'd immoveable, and his grief took away his speech, and the sense of his misfortune. To this grief succeed-ed jealousy. Why have not you, said he, instead of succouring, kill'd this infamous Woman too? Will you yet give me cause to think you have violated her in *Spain*, in revenge of the deceit I would have put on your *Cunegond*? Then the unfortunate Woman opening her eyes, and seeing me near her with *Otho*, she attempted to speak as soon as her weakness would give her
leave,

leave, Sir, said she feebly, you to whom I come to give my Bed, and you to whom I have given my heart, if you have any compassion on my unmerciful destiny, hasten to put me to the proof of Fire; if just Heaven preserves me, and imputes not to me an involuntary misfortune, send me back, Sir, to the King of *Aragon*. And you *Beral-
dus*, if Heaven imputes this crime to me, see immediately consum'd to ashes an unhappy Beauty, which was destin'd neither for her Lover, nor her Husband, and who has been, O Heavens! a prey to a base and perfidious man. The Emperour went out without saying a word, seeming little perswaded by these words. A little after they came to apprehend *Mariana*, and at the same time brought me an Order to retire instantly to *Saxony*. O God, cry'd I, if *Mariana* be guilty send me death. Live *Beraldus*, said she,

to me, and if you have lov'd me, live to justifie me to the King my Father, and to all the World. He that brought me my Order, caus'd me to go out; and I found at the Palace gate a Troop of Horse of the Emperours Guards, who had order to conduct me into *Saxony*. As I got on Horse-back came *Cunegond* to me; Ingrateful *Beraldus*, cry'd she with an incensed voice, (which a moment after she sweetned with a torrent of Tears) have you then been so insensible to the tenderest and purest flame that ever was, only to love an infamous Woman, who at her first arrival dishonours both your Love, her Husband, and the Empire? O Cavalier unworthy to fight for *Cunegond*,* and too worthy ever to be the Cavalier of *Mariana*! Are you come to perform these feats of *Armes*, that you may see the Electour of *Brandenburgh* prefer'd to you, and to give me the shame of
 having

having lov'd the leavings of a base Spaniard, for whom you have been vainly sick to death, vainly amorous and vainly invincible: But were you a Thousand times more ingrateful, I would punish you by loving you till death, and by embracing the unhappy fortune that pursues you, for the injustice you have done me in thinking me guilty. But answered I, in some disorder, and with an Air which seem'd but little touch'd with what I had heard, If the adorable *Mariana* be not innocent, no person in the world is; and never will I be touch'd for any beauty. Go base man, said she, too worthy of all the ills thy barbarous heart is capable of. I beg not of unmerciful Heaven, any other satisfaction for the injuries thou dost me, than the remorse thou wilt feel all thy life, for having preferr'd the vile *Mariana* to the Virtue of *Cunegond*. She went to the Palace after

fater these words, without expecting an answer, and casting her self at the Emperors Feet, demanded the Tryal of fire against my jealousies, and beg'd him so earnestly that I might be present at the spectacle, that the Emperor could not refuse her either. They sent after me and brought me back to the Palace, where I was guarded in my Apartment till next day. Represent to your self, Sir, what a night this was, for me, for *Otho*, *Mariana*, and *Cunegond*. The Piles were prepared in the Palace Court, where the Journey had been made, they were compos'd of Wood of *Cinamon*, and *Cassia*, with other combustible matter, they were about thirty Foot long, and had a ladder fix'd to the foot of each of them; there was a Forge between the two Piles to heat the two Iron Sceptres which were to be put into the hands of the suspected Princesses. All the Court,
and

and People of *Vienna* were there by break of day, at the Windows, and on the Scaffolds which had been erected for the Tourney. About ten a Clock my Guards caus'd me to get on Horse-back, and plac'd me near the Piles, with order to conduct me to *Saxony*, as soon as the Ceremony should be over. A little after appear'd *Cunegond*, fairer to my eyes than I had ever seen her, though she was not so to my heart. She was cloathed in Cloth of Silver, with a plume of white Feathers on her head, and a Lilly in her hand, with a smiling countenance, which seem'd accompany'd with spight and anger. She went boldly up the Pile. When she was on the last round, she set one foot on the Pile, and looking about for me, blush'd when she perceiv'd me, fixing her eyes on me as if she would have spoke to me, to reproach me of my Ingratitude. When holding forth
her

her hand to the Arch-Bishop of *Vienna*, she demanded by this Action the Scepter which was heating red hot in the Forge; the Arch-Bishop gave it her, with a pair of long Pincers, O God! (cry'd she with a loud and clear voice, which made her heard by all the great Assembly, who trembled for fear or mistrust of the miracle,) If I have ever burn'd for any other than the ingrateful *Beraldu*, and if I have not preserv'd to him both my heart and my innocence, burn *Cunegond* before his Eyes. Then she took the glowing Scepter in her hand, and without changing her countenance ascended the Pile, with a slow and majestick Pace, and when she was on the uppermost round, looking on me with an enraged Eye, cry'd to me with a tender and languishing voice, *Ingrateful!* All the People clap'd their hands in applause of her, and detestation of my injustice, repeating the

the same word. I heard my self call'd *Ingrateful*, by a hundred thousand mouths, without being mov'd; my mind was so entirely possess'd of *Mariana*. At last she appear'd cloath'd in mourning, with a veil of Crape over her face. She went not with less assurance than *Caneyond*, but her gate was more pensive and discontented, and one might discern in her port, though they could not see her face, a Majestick grief, which would have commanded pity, had she been guilty. When she was on the highest step of the Ladder, she reach'd out her hand, and taking the Scepter without saying a word, she was not in the least hurt, and going on the Pile, O God! cry'd I, she is innocent. When she was at the middle of the Pile, she lifted up her vaile with her left hand, discovering the Divine beauties which were under it; and turning her eyes about for
me,

me, look'd sorrowfully on me, as if she would give me her last adieu. I have not been criminal towards *Otho*, said she, I have been forc'd, and I love *Beraldus*. In saying these words she let fall the Scepter from her hand, which giving fire to the Pile, consum'd her to ashes in an instant.

When *Beraldus* recited this part of his History, his tears almost choak'd him, and the King of *Arles* embracing him, and endeavouring to comfort him, could not avoid weeping himself. Sir, said he to him, what you now relate; is so touching, and it is so miserable a thing to see this great Princess, rather give her self so strange a death, than to survive her shame, and the displeasure of not being yours, that, far from condemning the sorrow that hath banish'd from your heart *Canegond* and all other Beauties, I know not how one may comfort you, and I can only lament
with

with you, and desire that Heaven would at last render you capable of loving some other, that might efface this dreadful Idea. I am very scrry to have renew'd it, by obliging you to recount this lamentable accident.

As the King of *Arles* spoke thus, there came a Trumpet from the Castle, to tell the King from *Hedemont*, that the Lady that was within the Castle, desir'd his Majesty to enter into the Castle that same day, or suffer *Hedemont* and she to come into the Camp. The last was granted, and they were brought into the Kings Tent. O God, cry'd *Beraldu*s, 'tis *Cunegond*! He arose and advanc'd to salute her, with so remarkable a trembling that *Cunegond* looking tenderly on him, Methinks *Beraldu*s, said she, you seem to fear the Chastisement of your Ingratitude. Ah, *Madam*, said he, by what misfortune are you fallen into the hands of
of

of *Hedemont*? Must there be a second proof, reply'd *Cunegond*, to perswade you he has had all that respect for me that your unjust jealousy can desire? *Madam*, said the King of *Arles*, add not to the affliction of this unhappy Prince, rather complain with him, that he hath not been able to render you that justice he ought. It is time for you to put an end to each others pains; you shall yield, if you please, *Madam*, your interests to the Queen your Kinswoman, to whom we will bring you; I hope that this Prince will list to me, and that he will appease your resentments. What say you to that? *Beraldu*s, reply'd *Cunegond*? That you are, answered *Beraldu*s, the most adorable and most Virtuous Princess of the Universe, and that I merit not that pardon, I would have obtain'd with my blood. Ah *Beraldu*s, reply'd *Hedemont*, I am lost, since you yield your self to

Cune-

Cunegond. *Hedemont*, said *Cunegond*, I desire you not to afflict your self before-hand, I have for you all the acknowledgment I owe you, leave me not if you please; If Heaven has ordain'd I should still be unhappy, I have so much assurance in your *Virtue*, as to trust my person with you. This Prince, continu'd she, addressing her self to the King, is not so criminal as you may think him to be, he has as much *Virtue* as any man this Age affords; he neglects his reputation perhaps more than he ought, but he has sacrific'd it to me, and I stand accountable for it. He is very happy, *Madam*, reply'd *Beraldu*, that you are thus pleased to take up his defence. Without doubt, said the King, she has great reasons for it; We shall know the whole story when we come to *Nice*. Upon the way *Beraldu* began to reason of the difference there was between *Cunegond*

gond and *Mariana*; he admir'd and condemned the strange Caprice, which had made him despise *Cunegond*, because she lov'd him, and nevertheless abandon'd him without any resistance, to a Princess who from the first day she saw him, had shown an ungovern'd passion for him. He was asham'd of his unjust jealousy, and to this shame succeed'd penitence for his ingratitude, and unkind discourses he had held with *Cunegond*, on which he conceived a mortal sorrow, without declaring what was the Cause. But *Cunegond* knew it well enough, and provok'd him against himself, by how much more he found her dispos'd to pardon him. The King, *Cunegond*, *Beraldu*s and *Hedemont* were in the same Coach. The King desired them to banish, during the Journey, all kind of sorrowful remembrances, and discourses which might mind them of them.

But

But because it is difficult for one to speak of that they are not affected with, said he, I will ease you of the pain you would have to discourse of what you do not feel, by reciting the adventures of a Prince which you will know to morrow, and whose felicity perhaps you will envy. Then under suppos'd names he recounted his amours, with so much Artifice, that they never suspected he spoke of himself, till arriving at *Nice*, they knew by the Queens beauty, and the resemblance she had with the description the King had made of the Heroine of the Adventure, that it was their own Loves he had related. The delicacy, and constancy of her love to the King of *Arles*, preferring him to the King of *France*, for whom her Father the Count of *Tolose* had destin'd her, gave these three Lovers so great an esteem for her, that they all readily agreed to make her judge of

of their differences. *Cunegond* said, that *Hedemont* being the most unhappy, and he whose Virtue she had most experience of, whose cause was more doubtful, ought to have the consolation to speak first, and likewise to speak both for her and himself, to the end he might use all kinds of Arguments for the advantage of his cause; protesting she would refer her self wholly to him for the truth of what had passed, since *Beraldu*s went first to marry *Mariana* in the name of the Emperor. The Impatience which the King, the Queen, and *Beraldu*s had to hear it, made them appoint the next day to meet in the Queens Cabinet; and Order being given that they should not be interrupted, *Hedemont* spoke after this manner.

I should be the most ingrateful of men, if I should not first acknowledge, that I have all the obligation
to

to *Cunegond*, that a man can have to a Virtuous Princess ; and I may say that never man that lov'd, without being loved, ever had so much reason as I to comfort himself in his misfortunes, and almost to esteem himself happy. To begin in order the recital of my sad felicities, I must tell you, that, after *Beraldus*, I was the man, of the Empire, that the Emperor lov'd and esteemed most ; *Beraldus* and I were partakers of his heart and secrets, and what he hid from the one he told to the other. I may say, it was for my sake, and by my means, that he concluded his Marriage with the unfortunate *Mariana*, whose Kinsman I was. After *Beraldus* was gone to Marry her, I was sole Confident and Favorite of *Otho*, and by the liberty he gave me with him, I complain'd he had given to *Beraldus* an employ which was due to me by the Honor I had to be related

lated to the *Infanta* of *Arragon*. I acknowledge it *Hedemont*, said the Emperor, but thou knowest not the reason of the choice I have made of *Beraldus*; but it is nevertheless expedient for my quiet that thou should'st know it, as well for the happiness of the Marriage thou hast negotiated, as for thy own satisfaction. I love *Cunegond*, and if thou dost not help me to gain this ingrateful woman, before the arrival of the Empress, I already fear, what thy Kinswoman will suffer by having a Husband that will not love her. For I find, this Love I have for *Cunegond*, deprives me of my reason, and if I satisfy not my passion before the arrival of *Mariana*, she will have the regret to see I love another. I have sent *Beraldus* into *Spain* to remove the obstacle caus'd by the presence of so Gallant a Prince, who is both belov'd and contracted. Pardon me, dear *Hedemont*,

demont, the displeasure I have done thee in not sending thee, and farther advise me how I may possess *Cunegond*. By what means, Sir, said I, is it possible to corrupt the Virtue of so wise a Princess, who loves, and is contracted to *Beraldus* your Nephew, and by consequence cannot desire a happier fortune? You must let her know, reply'd he, that *Beraldus* is perswaded she has oblig'd her self to make me happy, that he will never Marry her, but by my express command; and that there is but one way to make me command him. But, Sir, would it not be better, said I, she should know this from your own mouth? I cannot, answered he, I stand engag'd to *Beraldus*, and not to sollicite her any more. He then related to me the adventure of the night before *Beraldus* his departure, which you have without doubt recited. And you see, *Hedemant*, pur-
H
su'd

find he, that I cannot honestly im-
 portune *Cunegond* any more, after
 what the *Electors* of *Brandenburgh*,
 and his Gentlemen have seen. I
 then promis'd *Otho*, what I durst
 not refuse him; not being resolv'd
 on any thing I went to *Cunegond*,
 without knowing what to say to
 her. I pittied the fortune of a young
 Princess, expos'd to so eminent a
 danger, to which her own Mother
 would contribute; I desired to find
 out some means to protect her, but
 could not see how I could preserve
 her Virtue and my Favour. When
 I felt at first sight of *Cunegond* what-
 soever Love, respect, fear, desire,
 and jealousy could suggest. I found
 her with the Dowager her Mother,
 who apprehending, or perhaps
 knowing already what I came about,
 left us alone awhile after I was en-
 tred, and gave order we should not be
 interrupted as long as I staid with
 the Princess her Daughter. A Permit
 me,

me, *Madam*, said he to *Cunegond*,
 to repeat what pass'd then and ever
 since that happy day; and be no
 more offended at my flame now that
 you know it pure, faithful, respect-
 ful, and innocent, and add to these
 qualities, unhappy and desperate.
 As soon as I saw my self alone, Sir,
 I threw my self at the feet of *Cune-
 gond*; Divine Princess, said I, *Otho*,
 and Love oblige me to hold very dif-
 ferent discourses; *Otho* commands
 me to tell you that he loves you and
 that *Beraldus* does not, and Love
 commands me to tell you, I adore
 you; *Otho* would have you know
 that if you do not gratifie his desire,
Beraldus shall never marry you; and
 Love will that I tell you, that if you
 would not rather dye, than comply
 with the Emperors desires, I shall
 dye of grief at your feet. In fine,
Madam, *Otho*, and Love, will that
 I represent to you, that *Beraldus* is
 unjust to you to suspect your Virtue,

that he thinks that *Otho* has triumph'd over you, and that you ought to renounce his Bed who has done you this outrage: But I come to tell you, that for an unjust, ungrateful, and insensible Prince, and who does not love you, you will recover a Prince who adores you, and who with his heart offers you his life, and his Sword to revenge you of *Beraldu*s, and protect you from the violence of *Otho*. *Cunegond* held down her eyes at this discourse; then lifting them up to Heaven, the Tears ran down her cheeks, which touch'd me yet more, if it be possible I could be more. Ha! dry up *Madam*, said I, casting my self at her feet, dry up those tears injurious to my Love. O Heaven, cry'd *Cunegond*, you send me still one misfortune on another. An insolent Prince offers himself to revenge me of the injustice of another, and speaks not against *Otho* or *Beral-*
*du*s,

duis, but to plead for himself. Ah,
Madam, said I, have a care you do
 not provoke Heaven against you, by
 receiving thus ingratelully the suc-
 cour it sends you; It gives you a re-
 spectful Lover, whose submissions
 little deserve the name of *Insolence*,
 to protect you from the persecution
 of an intraged and potent Lover, and
 to revenge you of the affront you
 have received from one you have
 hitherto lov'd, but can love no lon-
 ger without wounding your Glory.
 But since you are pleas'd, *Madam*,
 to call the respectful discourse I have
 now had with you, *Insolent*, I pro-
 mise, *Madam*, and swear to you by all
 that's Holy, that I will never men-
 tion my own Love to you any more,
 but will rather dye than displease
 you, and will use all means in the
 World to prevent the designs the
 Emperor shall form against you. I
 will give *Beralduis*, if you desire it,
 such advice, as may be most effectual

al to cure his mind of the injustice of his jealousy of you ; I offer you yet *Hedemont* against *Hedemont* : but after this respect, and these offers, when you shall have no more to fear from *Otho*, nor to hope from *Beraldas*, remember at least, *Madam*, that *Hedemont* dyes of Love. I will remember, interrupted she, that I am bound to the generous *Hedemont*, and that I cannot recompence the service he has render'd me, and the respect he has for me, till the unjust *Beraldas* has disingag'd me from the Faith which I have given him. I swore to her an hundred times what I had promised, and we took measures accordingly to elude the pursuits of *Otho* till the return of *Beraldas*, hoping that the possession of *Mariana* whose beauty was so extol'd, would prevail with the Emperor to desist from persecuting her. From that time I saw her every day, and told *Otho* every day that I
made

made no advance. This constant resistance began to weary him, and he writ into *Spain*, to send away the Empress when he heard the news of *Beraldu* being sick. As this dispatch was committed to me, I made the Letter pressing, and instructed him that carry'd it, to hasten her departure as soon as possible, and that they should keep *Beraldu* there till he were in a condition to travel without danger, which he executed accordingly. The Empress came without *Beraldu*, The Elector of *Brandenburgh* went to receive her on the Frontiers of the Empire, and I on those of *Prussia*, as well for that I had the honor to be related to her, as by the Emperors Order, who began to mistrust my Love, and design'd to take that opportunity of making his last efforts on *Catholick*. I mistrusted it by the reason with which he took his leave of me, and not knowing by what Stratagem I

might ward this blow, I resolv'd to do an infidelity to *Otho*, to remove the Lover I feared most. I went to *Hermentrude*; *Madam*, said I, I have receiv'd advice from *Spain* that *Beraldu* through imprudence has told some one or other of that Court, some piece of Gallantry of the Emperor wherein you are concern'd; it seems to me you would do well to oblige the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh* to ask leave of the Emperor, to go and pass some time in his Countries, lest the Empress should be jealous of you. I desire you then to speak to the Emperor for me, and to second the *Elector*. I gave her my promise; and that night, the *Elector* and I both spoke to the Emperor. *Otho* consented, on condition *Cunegond* stay'd at Court. But with whom, Sir, said I, can *Cunegond* stay? The Emperor bid me desire my Mother to keep her. The *Elector* and the Dowager went away, and my Mother

Mother went to take *Cunegond* home with her, I waited on her there, and found her inexpressibly afflicted, & saw in her eyes she had some quarrel with me, for bringing her to my Mothers. Divine *Cunegond*, said I, I know your resentments and do assure you I do not deserve them. This is, said she weeping, to steal a Princess with respect and address. No, *Madam*, said I, it is to protect you from your Enemies; my Mother will have more care of you than your own; and to remove all occasion of complaint of me, I promise never to speak with you but in her presence; and that she shall never leave you alone, when the Emperor shall come to visit you. After these precautions I deferr'd my departure as long as I could; but at last go I must. I went and you were not touch'd, *Cunegond*, with the grief which appear'd in my eyes, for my mouth never express'd any

tender sentiment, and I kept my word with you religiously. I went to meet *Mariana* at *Metz*; I say it to the glory of my heart, I saw her, was treated with a great deal of respect, even with friendship, and yet did not love. The *Elector* of *Brandenburgh* did not so, he lost his heart as soon as he saw her. He was dexterous, and knew well enough where to begin his Gallantries with Spanish Ladies, he made great presents to her Nurse, and gain'd her entirely, but advanc'd nothing by that. She discovered to him the love the Empress had for *Beraldu*, and the whole relation of their adventures. The *Elector* despairing of success came to make me his confident, I shew'd a great deal of indignation for *Beraldu*, and was sorry for *Canegund*, who I fear'd would afflict her self, when I should tell her of the lightness of him whom she persever'd so obstinately to

to love; but I comforted my self that *Cunegond* would at last have for me the acknowledgment she had promis'd in consideration of my respect. I press'd the March of the Empress, and brought her to *Vienna* with the greatest diligence I could; I train'd the Wedding, and all the World knows how *Beraldus* arriv'd there to the misfortune of *Adriana*. But no body knows how the *Electer* of *Brandenburgh* left the Tourney to wait on the Empress, nor does any body know what alone is capable to justifie that unhappy Princess; if it be to justifie her, to say, she came to give herself to *Beraldus*, when instead of *Beraldus*, she found the *Marquis* of *Brandenburgh*. You have heard, Sir, how the Nurse betraying her Mistress, had discovered to the *Electer* all the particulars of her love with *Beraldus*; she had told him of the rendezvous they had in *Spain*, in the time of Tourney,

ney, on the day of her Marriage, to see how such an assignation might be perform'd at *Vienna*. The *Elector* imagin'd it would be easie to deceive the Empress, when the Emperour should go to Arm himself for the Combat, and being assur'd by the Nurse that *Beraldu* had never written to *Mariana*, he prevail'd so with the old Woman that he perswaded her to hide him in her Mistresses Chamber during the Tourney, and to give her this Letter, when the Emperour should go to Arm himself.

The amorous and respectful *Beraldu*, summons his *Mariana*, on her word, and attends her to taste those sweets he enjoyed in Spain during the Tourney.

The Empress receiv'd this Note, whilst she was yet considering the Picture sent her by the Cavalier in Black Armes, and not doubting but it was *Beraldu*, and that he had writ

writ it, she paus'd and trembled, but at last resolv'd to go to her Chamber to hide the strange disorder it put her in, and to desire *Beraldus* to renounce her for ever, and never see her more. Being come into her Chamber, Shut the windows, said she to the Nurse, that the Beauty of the Prince may not surprise my virtue, and do not you stir out of my Chamber, after he comes in. At these words she laid her self down on the Bed, the Nurse drew the Curtains, and going out shut the door after her. The *Elect* took the Opportunity. *Beraldus*, remembering his adventure in *Arragon*, left the Tourney, and as you have learn'd surpris'd them, killing the *Elect*, and exposing *Mariana* to the fury of *Otho*, who put her to death in her tryal by fire, and to rid himself of a Rival in *Cunegond*, sent *Beraldus* into *Saxony*. *Cunegond* made him a Hundred reproaches

proaches before he went, but he had not the least regard to her Tears and innocence. He left *Congond* incensed at his Infidelity, and the harshness of the answer he gave her. As I went to comfort her, and to condole with her the death of *Mariana* my Kins-woman, and the *Elect*or of *Brandenburgh*, who was also ally'd to me, she gave me her hand as soon as she saw me; *Hedemont*, I beg you with all my heart to help me to forget this ingrateful man, to make me love you, and after that to act so, that *Beraldis* may yield the right, the Contract which has been made between us has given him, to you. Kneeling before her, What is it, *Madam*, said I, I can do to oblige you to forget *Beraldis*, seeing all that he has done against you cannot make you hate him? And what, *Madam*, can I do to make you love me, who adore you with so much respect and
zeal!

zeal ! And how can *Beraldus* when he shall forget the death of *Mariana*, bear the loss of *Cunegond* too ? Alas, *Madam*, you have but little pitty for me, to impose on me such hard conditions ; begin at least, *Madam*, what lyes on your part, and then perhaps I may do the rest. Love no longer this ingrateful *Beraldus*, and tell me you do not hate me. Ah, *Hedemont* said she, I do not hate you, I desire to love you ; but alas ! it depends not on my heart not to love *Beraldus*. But, *Madam*, reply'd I, a virtuous Princess as *Cunegond* should not listen so much to Love as not to hear Reason. Is it not just and honest, to forsake a perfidious and ingrateful man ? He is ingrateful, 'tis true, said she, but he is not perfidious, he has never lov'd me ; I love him for his generosity in protecting me from the fury of *Otho*, and it is by this virtue that he has gain'd my heart ; jealousie,

lousie, and the love of a Beautiful and easy Princess have seduc'd him. We must wait the return of his reason. But if it never returns *Madam*, said I? Then make me to love *Hedemont*, said she, as well as I love *Beraldu*, and I will not be angry. But how must that be done, reply'd I? As *Beraldu* hath done, said she, by protecting me against *Otho*. But how long time of repentance have you given *Beraldu*, *Madam*? Alas, reply'd *Cunegond*, as much as he will take, he is Master. Ha! rather than *Beraldu* shall be Master of my destiny, I will remove Heaven and Earth to become Master of his. Farewel, *Madam*, added I rising, I gain nothing near you, I go to revenge the death of *Mariana*, and the *Marquis* of *Brandenburgh*. I went out without staying for any answer, and beg'd leave of the Emperour that very Night that I might make War on *Beraldu*. He who
had

had some jealousie of me, granted my request, pleas'd to see his Rivals revenge him on each other. He promis'd to aid me under-hand, and I went to make my Levies in my own Countries, passing through those of *Brandenburgh*, I stirr'd up all the people against *Beraldus*; to revenge the death of their *Elector*. One of his Nephews was made choice of to raise the Army, to which I joyn'd my Troops. We entred *Saxony*, and in a little time made a considerable progress. For the Emperour, to give me time to Levy an Army, before *Beraldus* should be in a condition to defend himself, had caus'd him to be staid on the way under pretext of negotiating his return, and making his peace. So that *Beraldus*, who mistrusted nothing, heard news of my being in *Saxony* before he knew I would make War on him. He came thither and got together some
Troops

Troops as soon as he could, and march'd against me, and there I found how dangerous it is to neglect an enemy. All the World knows how he surpris'd me, cutting my Army in pieces, and killing two of my Brothers who were so unhappy to fight against him. I would have gone to revenge their deaths, but he put one of his own Brothers at the head of his men, and minded only the completing of his Victory. I was, at last, oblig'd to sound a Retreat, and leave him Master of the Field; the next day I prepar'd for a second Battel, but as he had engag'd me against my will the day before, he would now put himself into such a condition as not to be forc'd to fight on disadvantage. The Victory had cost him a great many Men, for which reason he would not hazard another day in the heart of his Country. He judg'd prudently rather to wait the arrival
of

of his new Troops, and those of his Allies. To that end he posted himself very advantageously, and consum'd my Army. When I receiv'd this Letter from *Cunegond*.

You dispute me with Beraldus who cares not for me, and abandon me to the fury of Otho, whose assaults are the more dangerous, by his pretending to marry me. I have reasons for dying, rather than consent to him, and since Beraldus thinks not of me, it is to you to deliver me from the danger I am in.

This Letter put me into such a consternation, I could not with honour leave the War I had begun, and not to leave it was to disobey *Cunegond*, and to forsake her, when she seems to give her self to me. Honour and Love divided my Sentiments, and held me irresolute, when the Emperours Letters came to give me some ease. He writ to *Beraldus* and me, to desire us to lay down

down our Arms, and refer our differences to his mediation. He writ to me, he could no longer be without me, and that he wanted my presence and assistance, to perswade *Cunegond* to Marry him. And to *Beraldus*, he desir'd him to come to Court, to perform the Marriage he had contracted with *Cunegond*, before his going into *Spain*; or if he resolv'd never to Marry her, he should declare it, and that for the satisfaction of those whose friends he had kill'd, he should do well to go out of *Germany* for some time; that for the time and place of his removal he left to him, and that he doubted not but *Beraldus* would be as just against himself, as he should be against *Hedemont*, if he had receiv'd the like displeasure.

Beraldus writ to the Emperour, that if he were to choose a Wife, there was ne're a Princess in the World he would prefer to *Cunegond*,
but

but his misfortunes had brought him into so profound a sorrow, that he was incapable of caring for any thing ; that he would not renounce *Cunegond*, if she did not him ; to the contrary he swore never to dispose of himself to any other, but that he beg'd her to have some regard to the grief that possess'd him ; that he would Travel through all Forraign Courts to dissipate it, and as soon as he should find his heart freed from all other Ideas, that it might be worthy of her, he would return and lay it at her feet ; that nevertheless he protested he was unworthy the complaisance *Cunegond* had for his weakness ; that she was free, and that he left to her the right of punishing his infidelity. After *Beraldu*s had writ thus to the Emperour, he sent a Herald to me to tell me, that not to give the Kindred of the Dead the regret of seeing him, he offered to spend ten years

years in the Courts of *Europe*, on condition I withdrew my Troops, and restor'd to him what I had taken in *Saxony*. I accepted the proposition, and the same day we sign'd the Treaty. I sent back my Troops the next day, and departed my self for *Vienna*. I found *Cunegond* in a mortal affliction, the Emperour had given her but eight dayes to consider of Marrying him. The Dowager of *Mons*, her Mother, laid her commands on her with all her Authority. Nevertheless the last words of the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, being reported to *Cunegond*, she would never consent to so criminal a Wedding, if she had never lov'd *Beraldus*. As soon as I arriv'd, I went to *Cunegond*; *Hedemont*, cry'd she to me as soon as she saw me, will you not deliver me from the danger I am in? *Madam*, answered I, will you not deliver me from the torments I suffer? I cannot,

not, said she; and may be you can,
 what I desire of you. What do you
 desire, *Madam*, said I, sorrowfully?
 I will, said she, show you how
 much I esteem you, I will trust your
 Virtue with what is most dear to
 me: the proofs you have given
 me of your respect, make me not
 afraid to put my self into your
 hands. I desire you to carry me in-
 to your Countries, and to defend
 me against *Otho* with all your For-
 ces, and those of your Friends. Ah!
Madam, said I, casting my self at
 her feet, you are adorable, and I
 should be ingrateful if I should not
 give my blood for you. You will
 shew much Virtue, *Hedemont*, said
 she, if this zeal continue; for *Cune-*
gon will not be, perhaps, the re-
 compence of the service you shall
 render her, and may be *Barabans* will
 reap the advantage of your labours,
 and the generosity you have had for
 me. And what have you yet re-
 solv'd

solv'd to do for *Beralduſ*, answered
 I, aſtoniſh'd? I will tell you the
 reſt, ſaid ſhe, when I come into your
 Country. You are not reaſonable,
Madam, ſaid I; and although I
 would have you aſſured, that the
 Glory of ſerving you is all the re-
 compence I demand, yet let me
 have it entirely, which may per-
 haps coſt me ſo dear, and let me
 know if you pleaſe, if I ſhall give
 my Life, Eſtate, and Fortune to
Beralduſ, to have the unhappy ſat-
 iſfaction of having ſerv'd you not
 only without Intereſt, but even
 againſt my own proper Intereſts.
 You merit, *Hedemont*, ſaid ſhe,
 that I ſhould be as generous as you,
 and that I ſhould overcome my
 heart, as you have ſurmounted
 yours; but it will not be, I love
Beralduſ, have pity on my weak-
 neſs. I put my ſelf into your hands;
 you have time to make your ſelf
 belov'd, *Beralduſ* will be away ten
 years,

years, and may forget, or at his return may not oppose your satisfaction. Ah *Madam*! said I, however it be then, I must not be happy these ten years, nor then neither if *Beralda* pleases! Cruel Princess, why do you thus explain all your sentiments? But now it is not a time to make complaints, I go to obey you, *Madam*; happy if I can save you, and dye. I left her and went to the Emperor, he told me of his Wedding as a thing resolv'd, he impos'd silence on me when I would have reason'd with him, why I thought it impossible; I play'd the Courtier, and seem'd to submit to him. In the evening I feign'd my self indispos'd. The Emperor thought it was because I would not contribute to the solemnity, nor be present at it. In the mean time I gave order as privately as I could, to have Horses posted at convenient Stages as far as *Cologne*, and having desired

I

my

my Mother, who was of the Intelligence, to feign her self sick, we went away that night, and made such speed, that it was impossible for the Emperors Couriers to overtake us the next day. We had but little repose, and when I would have stay'd in the night to give *Cunegond* some rest, she would never consent to it. At last we came to the Country of *Cologne*. Be you my witness, O *Cunegond*, if during this Journey and all those we have made since, I have not shewn you that reverence, as if you had been a Goddess. We continu'd some time at *Cologne*, to refresh my Mother and *Cunegond* after the toyles of so long a Journey. I caus'd the House to be put in order, and brought her at length to the County of *Mons*, that she might be farther from *Otho* who rag'd with extream fury against me, threatning to destroy my County. But as my good fortune would
have

have it, the young *Marquess* of *Brandenburgh*, and the *Palatine* embracing my interelts, the Emperor durst not hazard a Battel against me. Besides his love being not legitimate, absence diminish'd his heat, and increas'd his remorse and confusion, so that had I had none but *Otho* to combat, I might soon have been happy. *Beraldus* being the greatest obstacle to my love, kill'd me every day. I impos'd on my self a severe Law, never to speak of my passion to *Cunegond*, because she was in my possession; and I conceiv'd I ow'd this gratitude and respect to the confidence she had in me. I receiv'd no news of *Beraldus*, which I caused to be made known to her, for I could not tell it her my self. There came account of his great actions from all parts of *Europe*, where there was any War, or famous Tournies. When she had receiv'd any news of him, I perceiv'd her more than ordinarily

satisfy'd; but she dissembled it obligingly to me, and gave a thousand applauses to my generosity, seeming to call me to her assistance against a Conqueror who kept her heart by a kind of violence. At length, Sir, nine years expir'd after this manner, without ever receiving from her any mark of tenderness, or the any remembrance from *Beralda*, and without ever complaining of her cruelty. But as the violence I did my self sacrific'd me cruelly to my Love, it cast me into a languishing distemper, that I visibly appear'd to the eye to decay: At last it encreas'd so on me, that I was given over by the Physicians. *Cu- negond* shew'd all the concern as could be expected from a Passionate Lover. She wept incessantly at my Beds side, and from her hand I receiv'd the greatest part of those things which were prescrib'd me, whilst her heart refus'd me the most
 neces-

necessary remedies to cure my distemper. In the mean time the Emperor having learn'd my condition, awakn'd his resentments against me, or his passion for *Cunegond*, and to make sure work, he found the means to separate the *Palatine* from my Interests, and to render the *Elect*or of *Cologne* a Neuter; and holding some private correspondencies in my Countries, under pretext of some misunderstanding with the King of *France*, he advanc'd with his Troops and by great Journies came upon me on a sudden. The corrupted Governors having open'd to him the Gates of my best places, he march'd directly to *Mons*. My surprise was encreas'd by the weakness my distemper had reduc'd me to, and my despair by the almost infallible loss of *Cunegond*. She came all in tears to tell me the sad news, and leaning her face against mine, *Hedemont*, said she, we are lost, *Otho* has surpris'd

pris'd you, and I am now falling in-
to his power; Alas, that I did not
marry you! Ah *Madam*, said I,
those words restore my life, I will
comfort my self in all my losses, see-
ing *Cunegond* will be mine. Let us
go, *Madam*, and fly from *Otho* and
his unjust fury, Heaven will conduct
us to some part of the World, where
we shall lead a contented life. Ah!
what do you say to me *Hedemont*,
said she? I repent I did not marry
you, but am not in a condition to
resolve to do it; do not prevail on
my misfortunes, but save me if you
can, and when I shall be in a place
of security, I promise to do my ut-
most endeavours to drive *Beraldus*
from my heart. Let us go, *Madam*,
reply'd I, let us wander through the
World, till we find this happy *Be-
raldus*, that I may put you in his
Armes, and dye before your eyes,
I see it is my destiny. I sent for the
Governor of *Mons*, giving him all
neces-

necessary orders to defend the place
 as long as he could, and causing one
 of my Servants to lye in my Bed as
 if it had been me, I made a report
 be spread abroad in the City, that I
 continu'd still sick. As soon as the
 day was shut in, I took only one
 Gentleman, and having put *Cunegond*
 on one of the gentlest of my
 Horses, we went out of *Mons*, and
 march'd all night, but I was not ca-
 pable of prosecuting such a Journey.
 I saw that if I would save *Cunegond*, I
 must leave her. Ah, *Madam*, said
 I, it is impossible for me to save you,
 and bear you company. See how
 unhappy your love is to you. Yes
 said she, I see well enough, it will
 cost me dear for having with so
 much obstinacy preserv'd my self
 for the ingrateful *Beraldu*; but,
Hedemont, what do you resolve on?
 This Gentleman, said I, is worthy
 of your confidence, and my Friend-
 ship, he will carry you to the *Mar-*

quis of *Saluces* my intimate Friend;
 I will follow you by easie Journies,
 and there you shall dispose of my
 life. No one ever wept so tenderly
 as *Cunegond* at this parting. For
 me, I bedew'd her hand a long time
 with my Teares; at last she kiss'd
 me languishing, and left me. *Lans-*
berg was the name of the Gentle-
 man that conducted her; till being
 come into the *Alps*, they were ta-
 ken by a company of *Banditti*; the
 Captain having given *Lansberg* his
 liberty, kept *Cunegond*, being en-
 flam'd by her beauty, and sweet-
 ning his savage face and heart, told
 her he would serve her with all re-
 spect, till she should please to marry
 him; that in the meantime he de-
 sir'd her not to afflict her self, but
 endeavour to recover her former
 health which was somewhat im-
 pair'd by so tedious a Journey. He
 brought her into a Grot where
 were his Mother and his Sister; these
 women

women were surpris'd at her beauty,
 and touch'd with the Tears of so
 charming a Person. They took all
 the care of *Cunegond* which such sort
 of People are capable of; but her
 great heart could not bear so heavy
 a misfortune; she fell sick, which
 delay'd the violence the Captain of
 the *Banditti* had threatned her with,
 and gave time to *Lansberg* to go to
 the *Marquis* of *Saluces*, and acquaint
 him with my disaster. The *Mar-*
quis took as many of those men who
 knew the Mountains as he could find,
 and gave them *Lansberg*, who guid-
 ed him so well, that they brought
 him to the Grot where the Captain
 was; he was there, and defended
 himself stoutly, he kill'd *Lansberg*
 with his own hand, and dy'd a little
 after of a wound he receiv'd from
Lansberg. Those whom he had
 brought seeing so fair a person in the
 Bed, there arose a contest who should
 have her, and not agreeing, they

remitted it to *Cunegond's* Choice. As she knew not their Jargon, she could scarce understand their insolent propositions; but their actions having made her comprehend them, she answered no otherwise, than by Cries and Teares, which made appear by her despair, and the signes she made them, she would rather dye, than wait their horrible violence. At last she apprehended, they had resolv'd to cast lots for her, who should have her when she was well. At length I arriv'd at the *Marquis of Saluces*, who told me all that had pass'd, I desired him to seek yet some other people for me who understood the Mountains. I will do more, said he, I will give you the strong Castle of *Cu'an*, in the Mountains; pretend to declare your self Chief of the *Banditti*, the security of the refuge will bring them all to you, and by this means you may hear of *Cunegond*, who her self hearing you nam'd,

nam'd, may find some way of putting her self into your hands. I went to this Castle, where I have been besieg'd, and the next day I sent men throughout the Mountains, to spread abroad a Report that *Hedemont*, driven from his Countries, had declar'd himself Chief of the *Banditti*, to whom he offer'd refuge in the Castle of *Cusan*, which he had bought of the *Marquis* of *Saluces*. As they were drawing lots for *Cunegond*, one of those whom I had sent arriv'd at their Cavern, and told the news; they were overjoy'd at it, and he to whose lot *Cunegond* fell, said he would not accept of it, but on condition, that the new Captain would not take *Cunegond* for himself. They came to her Bed, and forcing her to dress her self, told her she need not fear any thing, they set her on a Chair to carry her to *Cusan*, and by the way she hearing their name *Hedemont*, conceiv'd some hopes.

hopes. They were not far from the
 Castle when they met with a *Ger-*
man Gentleman, and thinking them-
 selves strong enough, they attack'd
 him, but he defended himself so vi-
 gorously, assisted by his followers,
 that pursuing the *Banditti*, those
 who carry'd *Cunegond* set her down
 and left her, who open'd her Arms
 to the Conqueror, imploring his suc-
 cour. He alight and went to offer
 her his Sword, when he was sur-
 pris'd to see *Cunegond*, he spoke to
 her, as he ought to a Person of her
 Rank, and put her immediately in-
 to his Chariot, offering to conduct
 her whither she pleas'd. Have you
 not heard, Sir, said she, any news
 of *Beraldis*? I have left him, answer-
 ed he, at the Court of the Count
Thoulse, with a design of coming
 suddenly to the King of *Arles's*
 Court. Be so generous then, Sir,
 said she, with some satisfaction, to
 bring to *Arles* the unfortunate *Cu-*
negond.

second, and to defend her from the dangers of these Mountains. The *German* began to set forwards; but in the mean time the Thieves were come to *Cusan*, and told me of their defeat and loss. O God, cry'd I, this *German* must not escape us. Those People, added I, are very rich, and have always their Chariots laden with Silver. After having animated them by these words, I put my self at their head, and riding as fast as they could follow me, I soon discover'd the Chariot. The *German* put himself courageously on his defence, I made signes to him in vain, and call'd to him not to fight; he took my signs for Treason, and the demand I had made of the Lady, provoking his heart and his courage, he ran furiously at me, and ran himself through on my Sword, whilst the Thieves had defeated his followers. I took *Cunegond* out of the Chariot, and rid away with her

as

as fast as I could towards the Castle, without telling her my name, I was so transported with joy. When I lifted up the sight of my Head-piece, and that she knew me, I had the pleasure to see her cast her self on my neck, and after having continu'd some time without speaking, *Hedemont*, said she, who do you think you have rescu'd me from? A German, *Madam*, said I, who took you away from those People which were bringing you to me. That German, reply'd she, would have brought me to *Beraldus*, who in a few days will be at the King of *Arles's* Court. And in a few days, said I, the unhappy *Hedemont* will be thus recompenc'd for losing his Estate, and Fortunes, and perhaps his Honor. For, continu'd I, I pass at present for the Captain of the Robbers. *Hedemont*, said she, embracing me, you are the unfortunatest man in the World, and I the most ingrateful Woman, but

But I conjure you *Hedemont* not to afflict your self before-hand. Perhaps *Beraldus* will not love me, and if this misfortune, which I apprehend more than death, should happen, I promise to endeavour to comfort my self with you. We were holding such discourses, when they came to inform me of the investiture of the Castle; I commanded they should not disturb the Princesses repose, and went to give order for it's Defence. The Trumpet which came to summon me, told me that he who invested me was the Prince *Beraldus*. I thought I should have fallen down at the surprise; but gaining more assurance, Tell those who besiege me, said I, that I will not surrender my Castle but to a Royal Army. I never told *Cunegond* I was besieg'd by *Beraldus*, willing to enjoy for some days, a conversation I had so long lost, and to endeavour to dissuade her rigour, although

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I durst not hope for any favourable success. I told her they were the Troops of the King of *Arles*, who would take this Castle from the Marquis of *Saluces* my Friend; that I was oblig'd to defend it to the last extremity, if the King of *Arles* came not in person before it; that in that case, I was by Martial Law, to surrender it, which I would do, and likewise *Cunegond*, added I, whom, no question, the King will cause to marry *Beraldis*, now that our treaty of ten years is expir'd. *Hedemont*, said she, accuse me, blame me, you cannot do it too much, I deserve all your hatred, instead of that Heroick Love you have had for me; you will yet have this advantage, that you are worthy of *Cunegond*, and that she is unworthy of you, since she obstinately persists to prefer to you an ungrateful man that has forgotten her. A few days after, Sir, as you know,

know, you came and I yielded. *Beralduſ* ſaw *Cunegond* again, became in love with her, *Cunegond* perceiv'd it. Alas! — Then he was ſpeechleſs, and reſting his head on his hand continu'd immoveable. *Beralduſ* and *Cunegond* lamented his miſfortune, and the King and Queen of *Arles* looking on each other, ſeem'd to ſay it would be difficult to adjust this affair. If I were Judge in this caſe, ſaid *Beralduſ*, I would give *Cunegond* to *Hedemont*, who merits her a thouſand times more than I; but as I am a Party, I requeſt the King and Queen would aſſume the quality of Judges, and make *Hedemont* himſelf Judge in his own Cauſe: I am aſſur'd he loves *Cunegond* well, becauſe he would not force her heart. Yes! *Beralduſ*, ſaid *Hedemont*, I love *Cunegond* well enough to ſacrifice my Fortunes to her, and what is yet more, all the repoſe of my life, in conſenting
ſhe

she should marry the greatest Enemy of my Family, the Murderer of my Brothers and my Uncle; in a word, him with whom I shall all my life lose the sight of her. I will subscribe if you please, to a marriage my Family will hate the Children of; but I cannot perswade my self that *Cunegond* will abandon me to despair, or abandon her self to the injustice of her heart. I perceive very well, said *Cunegond*, touch'd by the Recapitulation that *Hedemont* made of all that he had done and suffer'd for her, I see very well how unjust I should be, after having reduc'd you to the condition you are at present in, should I give my self to *Beraldus* before your Eyes. It is not just, O *Beraldus*, that you who have injur'd me, almost as soon as you knew me, that you who were contracted to me, and a little after abandon'd your self to an enraged love against the fidelity you ought to

to *Cunegond* and the Emperor, that
 you who have contemn'd my Tears
 and innocence, and have been so in-
 grateful, knowing how well I lov'd
 you, not to give me so much as once
 the least mark of your remembrance
 in ten years that you have been out
 of *Germany*, whilst *Hedemont* with
 his heart, gave me his Life, his For-
 tunes, and what is yet more, has
 hitherto shew'd more Respect than
 Love for me, although he hath ne-
 ver receiv'd, as you have heard, the
 least hope from me. I am proud,
Beraldus, of the fidelity with which
 I have kept my heart for you, and
 have defended it against so respectful
 and passionate a Prince as *Hedemont*,
 in favour of an ingrateful Prince
 who has despis'd me; but I will
 now have the Glory to defend my
 Reason against my Heart, and to
 know now my Constancy has gain'd
 you, and that your Love gains over
 me now a more glorious Victory,
 than

than if you had disdain'd me. I love you *Beralduſ*, and Heaven bears me witneſs, ſaid ſhe, weeping, that no man was ever lov'd more tenderly; but how insurmountable ſoever this love be, I muſt overcome it, and doing Juſtice, I ought to give my hand to *Hedemont*, who has deſerv'd me better than you. Ah *Madam*, cry'd *Hedemont*, caſting himſelf at her feet, how cruel are you, then when you think to be favourable to me? Alas, what will become of the unhappy *Hedemont*, without the heart of *Cunegond*? Shall I play the Tyrant, and force you from your ſelf? No, no, *Madam*, ſince your affection for the happy *Beralduſ* is ſo engrav'd in your heart, that his ingratitude, nor my reſpect can't deſace it, *Hedemont* will not be your Executioner; and ſeeing you ſo ſad, and afflicted for the violence you do your ſelf, in favour of me, I ſwear never to receive your hand with-

without the consent of your heart, and to go and dye far from the sight of those eyes, which are drown-
ed in Teares, at your giving your heart to *Hedemont*. Farewel, *Madam*, you shall see no more that *Hedemont*, to whom you cannot give your self without weeping. Neither can I without weeping suffer him to go away, said she, casting her Arms about his neck: if you refuse my hand, I will bewail all my life the unjust Destiny which will not let me give you my heart. Farewel, said *Hedemont*, Farewel, ingrateful *Cunegond*. He arose and would have retir'd. Stay *Hedemont*, said *Béraldus*, and if you love *Cunegond* as much as you say, remove not from her sight a Prince to whom she has so many obligations. Know that as you will not accept her hand without her heart, I am not so unjust to desire her heart and her hand

hand against her will : If she believes she should be just in giving her self to you, she would be unjust to dispose of her self to me ; and the felicity of *Beraldu*s shall never be founded on injustice. Stay Sir, let us dwell with *Cunegond*, and serve her to the envy of each other, and let neither of us marry her ; I shall be contented to hear her say she loves me, and shall not be jealous to hear her declare she ought to love you. Of all Lovers that are beloved I am the least happy, since she believes she ought not to love me, and that in loving me she does more than I deserve : And of all unhappy Lovers you are least so, since she thinks she ought to love you, and in not loving you does you injustice. 'Tis a kind of love this refusal she makes you of her Love, and a kind of contempt this grant of her love to me, against her reason and her duty. As for the rest, *Hedemont*, the resentment

ment you have for the death of your Brothers, ought not to hinder our reconciliation, since it has pleas'd Heaven I should have the same resentment against you. The German Gentleman from whom you took away *Cunegond* was my younger Brother, who parted from me at *Thun* to go for *Italy*; I knew him but too well by the description you gave of him, and by the disorder which appear'd in *Cunegond*'s face. Alas! 'tis true, said *Cunegond*, I would say nothing to *Beraldo*, because I would not trouble him; nor to *Hedemont*, that he might not please himself in that unjust joy: but having been fatal to the younger as well as the elder, I ask'd him, after he had deliver'd me from the *Banditti*, why he left *Beraldo* to go into *Italy*? For the same reason, said he, *Madam*, my Brother does. I was touch'd with the beauty of *Mariana*, from the first day I saw her, and from the day

day of her tragical End, have never enjoy'd any peace. I could not endure to live with *Beralduſ*, I dy'd every minute at the ſight of a Rival, who had been ſo happy to pleaſe the adorable *Mariana*. I went into *Italy*, and thence wander'd through the World, without any other Comfort or pleaſure, than adoring the Picture of *Mariana*, which I bought of her Nurſe. Then the King and Queen aroſe to make *Beralduſ* their Complements; he bore his miſfortunes like a Heroe; there was no more diſcourſe of Love for ſome days, till they had diſenterr'd the dead, which the Captain that met *Beralduſ* had cauſ'd to be bury'd all together with his Soldiers. There was perform'd to all the ſame Funeral honors, and were all laid in the ſame Tomb, with an Inſcription on it expreſſing the Adventure. After ſome days of mourning, *Hedemont* grew ſatisfy'd of the manner of life offer'd to him
by

by the Generous *Beraldius*, who offer'd him his Friendship, and took on his account all the services he had render'd *Cunegond*. The King of *Arles*, to put a favourable end to so extraordinary events, granted to the Lovers occasion of finishing their Adventures in his Country, by giving *La Morien*, with all that he had in the *Alps*, to him who should survive his Rival. They liv'd there together two whole years, in a perfect understanding, and never did Love perform a greater miracle. The Emperor *Otho* who was advertis'd of it, put an end to his shameful hopes, and repenting of the wrong he had done *Hedemont*, restor'd to him his Principality, and offer'd to reinstate him in his favour, but the Gentleman, that came from the Emperor, found *Hedemont* sick. Some days after he receiv'd this news, he dy'd in *Cunegonds* Armes, and had the comfort to see her weep bitterly for his loss.

(194)

As he dy'd he still look'd on *Beraldus* with a jealous eye. *Otho* having received news of his death, erected *La Morien* into a Sovereignty, in favour of *Beraldus*. *Beraldus* marry'd *Cunegond*, from which marriage sprung *Humbert*, surnam'd *white-hands*, for that he had a hand as white as his Mothers. And this is the Original of the House of *Savay*, which hath given the World so many Heroes.

The End

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